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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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A FAST DAY SERMON.

We find in the Salem Observer a Fast Day Sermon, by Samuel Johnson, bold, earnest and independent. It is not without exaggeration, but on the whole is a manly, zealous utterance of important truth. Much of what is said respecting the pulpit is sadly true and yet we have no doubt that much of it is false. "Ministers have been unconcerned or silent during the war, or spoken feebly enough. Ministers have done as much as, or more than any to give the idea that we have nothing to do with it, that religion has nothing to say about it. * * The pulpit has been tested and found to ring hollow." How does Mr. Johnson know all this? Has he been into all our churches, or had emissaries among them, or diligently inquired from parish to parish, as to what ministers have spoken? If he has not, he has no right to bring such a charge against them. We have no doubt that there are exceptions, but, from some inquiry into the matter, we believe that in our denomination, at least, the pulpit has on the whole been faithful in this matter.

But without stopping farther to criticise, we give a long extract from this interesting discourse.

But without confining myself to Massachusetts, I wish to say a word on the course taken in this hour of trial by the pulpit, the press and politicians generally. And I shall be brief and plain. First, the Pulpit. You could not expect it to speak out strongly against the war. It has all along lagged behind the age. It has been theological and not practical. The people, awaking to the need of great social reforms, have not found it as wide awake as themselves. The heart of society has grown too big for it, and demands a Church which shall lead it on and not drag it back. Exceptions only prove the rule. "I have found the pulpit hedged in, restricted, and I almost despair of its future influence," is the strain into which a rather noted Unitarian preacher has allowed himself to fall. And so say many more. These men state facts. But they have no right to infer that the pulpit's influence will be lost, but only that it has been a *falsely used* pulpit. The tone is unmanly. Yet nobody can deny the *fact* that the pulpit *has* narrowed its sphere of topics—has failed to apply religion to the great subjects of human interest in the age—that earnest philanthropists have looked in vain for its welcome and God speed. It has always been so, more or less. The pulpit has always been conservative, and reformers have been its excommunicated heretics. But its saddest weakness now, is its confession that it has nothing to do with the State, "with politics or other exciting subjects." Of this I would say a brief word. What does politics comprehend? War—strife of parties—injustice between man and man—social oppression of all kinds. How far do its influences reach? Into the deepest parts of the soul, into the child's cradle, yes, into the mother's blood. To what are such influences as I have mentioned opposed? Plainly to the spirit of Chirstianity. And what is the pulpit set to do? To destroy all that is opposed to that spirit. Who shall dictate the topics or the way? Only the voice of God, saying, "Speak to my people thus!" Why is this? Because only he who rebukes sin *wherever* it intrudes itself before him, can earnestly rebuke it *anywhere*.

The pulpit *nothing to do with politics*? *Then* tell me what *sin* cannot come at last to *hide* itself from Christian rebuke under that screen. Nothing to do with exciting subjects? Tell me what subjects will not become exciting, when fully, fairly met. So long as the pulpit stands, it must be the voice of God against *all sin*. And so long as a fearless man who feels his God within and over him, stands in it, so long it *will be*.

But what course *has* the pulpit taken on the war? What you might expect. Ministers are heard praying for an "honorable peace." Ministers have dismissed the troops with prayers for their success in butchery. Ministers have been unconcerned or silent during the war, or spoken feebly enough. Ministers have done as much as or more than any to give the idea that we have nothing to do with it, that religion has nothing to say about it. Exceptions I say, prove the rule. Instead of this, their united voices should have spoken out like the old prophet, when he sounded an alarm in the Lord's mountain, from end to end of the land—denouncing the wrong, saying that if the law said one thing, the Lord said another and different thing, and more solemnly. But the pulpit has been tested and found to ring hollow.

And the press. It is a tremendous influence. Take it altogether, one of the mightiest human. It penetrates every where, is sought by all. No man can weigh the solemn prophecy for good or evil of its winged words. The worst and the best things it lays open to rich and poor, wise and foolish, good and bad. And now, with such responsibility on it, how has it borne itself in this crisis? A large class of editors have shamelessly spurred on the hellish passions, and treated with contempt and abuse the words of mercy and love. It has been scurrilous and foul mouthed towards those whose nobler thoughts and motives it could not understand. It has waged war with everything good, and taken ground which might shame a hardened pirate. Against these prostitutors of the press there seems to be as yet no sufficient protection for the ignorant and weak. There is another class which began with opposing the war strongly, but gradually acquiesced in it, and now seems to have no opinion at all. It "takes things as they are." These men are weak, and would come at last to acquiesce in *anything*, so it got fairly agoing in the world. They clog the way. They keep men's perceptions of evil blunted, their moral nerves numb. They subtly identify you with the worse cause. They write "Glorious Victory" where "Shameful Massacre" should be instead—"Our gallant Army," instead of "Deluded victims of bad men"—and "the Enemy," instead of "the Defenders of their Country,"—until the reader is confused and dazzled, and comes at last to forget the morality, nay, even the reality of the thing altogether. Beware of these. They are called Christian, but their motto is, "Country, right or wrong." Another class is wholly neutral. Of these we have nothing to say. Another takes the right step, but timidly, after a non-committal way. One day it will seem indignant at some great barbarity: the next it will show you that it has no deep strong feeling in the matter. It is lukewarm, and so can only discourage and deceive. Another class, a very small one, has all along refused a word of encouragement to what it believed unjust; day by day, has resisted it every way—has never yielded an inch nor been dazzled a whit, but has warned and entreated and denounced it, and now has none of this sin at its doors. These men have protected and blessed us more than we are aware. In proportion to their broad field is their harvest of beautiful fruit. God and the Angels of Peace and Love have gathered it up for them. The eyes of all good men are watching them with trust and thankfulness. One good thing at least has grown out of this abyss of evil; it has called forth and developed a few such men.

Once more, what have politicians been about? Men attribute the present evils to a single party. I do not. They are not the growth of a day.—They are not the work of a few. They spring from the *heartlessness and selfishness of our politics generally, and that from the dearth of faith in the Law of Love in the nation*. On this account some of the best men among us will not side. They look in vain for a party which stands for Christianity alone. The cry is always "our Country, right or wrong," or "all is fair in politics,"—or "Hold fast the Cotton Interest, or the Slavery Interest, or the Party Consistency through right and wrong alike." Rarely do you find an honest politician—one who will not in one breath assert a thing is wrong, and in the next do something to further it. They have got, these politicians, a famous distinction between the "*abstractly riget*" and "*the practicable*," which they parade in defence of National Sin when they have come to acquiesce in it. I will deny no real restriction and limit in human conduct. But I see this distinction corrupting everywhere the minds of our young men, and silencing the uncompromising word of God in the Conscience. How many thousands has its sophistry led to think this war right, because it is "impracticable" for a nation to forgive or to back out of an unjust thing. It ought to be impracticable to *stay* in such a thing even a moment. And it were better *considered* so by this nation. God's Laws are not mocked. Neither thundering cannons nor party shouts can thunder *them* down. Massacres and prostituted presses, shameless political maxims and shuffling party leaders cannot make *Right* out of *Wrong*. The silly excuse of National Honor will not save a nation whose honor is all swept off to the four winds by its own guilty passions.

Another false idea, corrupting the whole system of politics is, that a man can do *officially* what he must conscientiously *oppose doing as a man*. This is one of the most wide-spread beliefs among us. It is astonishing how many take it for as undeniable a thing as the presence of the sun and moon. It amounts to this—"personally, I love you as a brother—but officially, I will shoot you, and with a good conscience. As a man, I must do *God's* will, as an officer, only the *people's* will." Tell me, what becomes of a man's principles, rules of right doing, who fall into this notion. And another idea is like it—"The powers that be are ordained of God." Men will submit to any amount of moral perversion on the strength of this maxim. What *kind* of God, whether Baal, Juggernaut, Mars, or the good Father of Jesus, must be determined, one would think, from the quality of the actions he commands. But *that* is no matter. "It is God *somehow*, that ordains the powers that be," and these men look no farther. But I know God never gives you and me our reason that we should make of it such a foul muddy thing as this would show it. I have said enough of politics to indicate how politicians have generally looked at this war. You see why it is they have been so lifeless about it—why so many have acquiesced in it—and so many made nothing but political capital out of it—why so few have been forced by it upon high moral ground. A few *have* been so forced. And those halls of Congress have within a few weeks heard nobler words than were ever uttered there before, true Christian words.

With such a Pulpit, such a Press, such Politics, it is not strange the country has come to a fearful pass. Thoughtful men ask anxiously what is to be done. Yes, it is high time to ask that question, with War and Slavery playing into each other's hands in triumph, and ominous clouds all round the future. If men truly wish to do something, here are three *very essential* things to be done. Reform your Press, your Pulpit, your national Politics. Make them show more love of right, less fear of man, less tolerance of sin. It is no easy thing to do, but it *must* be done, and done *now*. There is moral poison circulating all round you. Public opinion must somehow be reformed. It is corrupt, dead to noble aims and motives. Suppose peace be made with Mexico to-morrow: would it be done from any *Christian* motive? I firmly believe there is not moral principle enough wide awake in this country to stop the election to its Chief Magistracy of the man who is leading over Mexico hired bands of thieves, and murderers, and debauchees, and men better than these, but deluded and bound. See what a successful way of dazzling a solier's skill in butchery is—especially if he have now and then a twinge of mercy, though not enough even to make him sick of his bloody deeds. I know of no nation where great fighters are more worshipped than in this; none where fighting at the command of government, contrary to one's convictions of right and humanity, is thought more honorable; none where men are more ashamed to back out of wrong-doing; none where public opinion is more tyrannical, or more at the disposal of ambitious cunning men. And I say, *reform* this public opinion. It is corrupt; and such things as war and slavery are its natural fruits.

But what shall we do to stop the *present* National Sins? One man would flood the land with protests and the Executive with remonstrances. I confess I can see but little good in that. Another wants the State to separate from the Union. Better she should do so, and without delay, than support slavery and war. But it is vain for you to talk of her *political* separation, until she is separate in *spirit*. I believe the disease of her citizens is not their bondage to the Union, but their *spiritual* bondage. We must first come out of that bondage *man by man*, not *State by State*. Stand forth then, you who will do God's will and no other,—stand forth and be known to all. What we can do, in part is plain. We can bear the cross as the world may demand. We can draw ourselves off from the eddies of political strife, and try all measures by the calm spirit of truth and love. We must not countenance in its wrong doing a government which has forgotten the plain law of right. We must obey *that inward law alone*, before governments or masses. We must assert this position wherever we can, and help others to assert it. We must shrink from no measure because it is strong, if it only touch the root of the matter. Such seasons as these have power to develope a heroic strength in you which no others can. Finally, we can wait God's time in trust and faith. Not in vain did Jesus pray, "May they all be one, Father, as we are one." Not in vain have good men in all times borne witness to the truth in the darkest hours. Not in vain do they yearn for the coming of the morning, when the world shall be glorified by the communion of men and angels. Still brightens on, without ceasing, the promise written by God on the soul made in his image. Still the serene laws of nature embosom us, unfaltering in their obedience, to give us faith. Men cannot make *them* false, and shall come at last to be as *true* as they. Still brave and trustful men and women make us proud and glad. And looking to God, above this darkness, these fightings and selfish oppressions, which rend our hearts, we can by faithfulness abide in peace; the peace which *He* gives,—

"Softer than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead."

A great lie, says the poet Crabbe, is like a fish on dry land; it may fret and fling and make frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.

SECTARIANISM.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. No. 1. Letter to a Swedenborg.

[This letter is written with ability and earnestness by one who has a great respect for Swedenborg, but who thinks that many of his followers are untrue to him in making themselves so sectarian as they are. The following extract may be taken as a sample of the letter, both in style and sentiment. And does it not contain much important truth?]

"Like all other sects professing the name of Christ, each with a vital difference, as it conceives, from every other, you have doubtless much that is good among you, and much that is evil. And yet for my own part I am free to confess that you appear to me to be free, as a sect, from many of the weaknesses which beset the others. While some of these bodies are occupying themselves with purely ecclesiastical extension, and compassing sea and land to make one proselyte; and others are pilfering the Romish church of its festivals and fasts, to make them grotesque and contemptible by a purely wilful observance; and others still are fulminating the gravest anathemas against whist, dancing and the drama; you in many respects are busy with questions of vital morality, on whose right adjustment the Providential destiny of humanity will ere long mainly depend. You willingly identify yourselves with many ideas that have a real human interest, and are to that extent aiding the empire of divine Truth. This could hardly be otherwise, considering your familiarity with the educative lore of Swedenborg. But it is none the less true that when on the ground of these favorable personal differences, you proceed to call yourselves "the church," and even to rob the Christian ordinances of all validity" as administered by the other sects, you do much to defeat the benignant influence you might otherwise exert upon society, and repel the sympathy of every generous mind.

Swedenborg looked upon sectarianism or separatism as a crying evil of Christendom. He thought that a difference of opinion on doctrinal subjects, ought never to divide those who were intent on reducing the divine commandments to life. He thought that various opinions on these subjects were not only inevitable, but desirable, as more fully attesting the true *living* unity of the church. But your separatism has a peculiarly odious aggravation. The ordinary sects justify their exclusiveness on the plea that others reject some doctrine of the inspired word, which to their eyes is palpably present in it. You put this paltry zeal to the blush, by excluding from your fellowship all those who do not acknowledge the writings of Swedenborg. You exclude not only those who professing to admire the writings of Swedenborg, disagree with you as to their interpretation, but the far greater number of those who actually knowing nothing of your doctrines, have never had *any* opinion about them one way or another. This is a sectarianism that makes all the other sectarianism of the day, almost seem like true Christianity. It is to exclude from the "new church," the most exemplary and divinely attested men in Christendom, for no other reason than that they have either not heard of your favorite author, or having heard calumnious statements only, do not in all honesty care to make his acquaintance. I can pardon the aptitude which ignorant or frivolous people show to rank Swedenborg among the fanatics, when those who know the perfect humility of the man, and his total destitution of personal pretension, do not hesitate to render him this sickening idolatry. I have actually seen an elaborate attempt made in one of your periodicals, to exalt Swedenborg's *infallibility* into an article of faith; and I have never yet heard the slightest disclaimer of its propriety. Has puerility a lower deep than this?

According to Swedenborg (Last Judgment) the new economy was to supervene not as a new visible sect, but as a spirit of freedom and rationality in the old sects. It *has* come, or rather is now coming, as a spirit of Love among all the sects, flinging a veil of obscurity over those obtrusive doctrinals, whose fruit has always been disunion, and bringing into light those hidden charities whose only possible issue is peace. And if you had wished to exhibit this spirit in your embodiment for public worship, thus to afford the world some living illustration of the church that is coming, your course would now have conciliated the unmingled approbation of every friend of human progress. "A *new* commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." How blessed a distinction had it been for you to commend to all the sects this "new doctrine" of charity, as one which had been all along involved indeed in their acknowledgment of the Lord, but had never got the hearty recognition it was so amply entitled to: to commend it to them not only by studied words of eulogy, but by a diligent practice of its requirements, above all in your social or public worship. But no, you say, this does not suit us. The newness of the church by no means consists in doing its Lord's will. It is wholly a personal and local affair. It consists in a new baptism, [a new faith, then, also], a new infusion of vigor into the old ordinances, [why not new ordinances outright?], a new ministry, a new ritual of worship, in short a new visible corporation or sect, defined by a uniform baptism, and the maintenance of precisely similar religious opinions. Thus, consistently, you forbid me to take the Lord's supper, until I shall have undergone this conventional baptism, and admitted this sameness of religious opinion. And thus do you dishonor that new and universal church, whose distinctive glory lies in its opening wide its arms of love to the good of all religions, Christian and Mahometan, Jew and Pagan alike, and degrade its majestic herald into the mere minister of an upstart and conceived ecclesiasticism.

I speak with no unrighteous warmth. Who in view of the light which is pouring into the world at every inlet, and inciting men to an ardor of philanthropic inquiry and action such as they have never before felt; who that beholds the vigorous and searching criticism of our social evils which now abounds,—sure precursor of their speedy disappearance!—and witnesses in our legislative halls, in our scientific and literary assemblies, how the popular heart warms to every avowal of manly or charitable sentiment; who in short that witnesses the new birth which faith and hope and charity now find in every breast, and sees its divine ground and warrant in the universal truths of the church, can help glowing with shame and indignation, see those truths systematically perverted from their healing and legitimate purpose, which is the upholding of universal humanity, into the exclusive service and glory of the old, and, to all human ends, worthless sectarianism?

If indeed you were *visibly distinguished* from all other men by the possession of goodness and truth, or the true faith of the Divine Humanity, then you would have some show of reason in claiming our visual acknowledgment of you as the church. "The universal of faith *on man's part*," says Swedenborg, "is that he should confide in the Lord's salvation; and because none can so confide but he who leads a good life, therefore this is also implied in believing on him." Dare you lay your hands on your hearts, and say that you alone of all the earth lead a good life? Thus that you alone of all the earth believe in the Lord? And if not, what a mere immodesty it is in you to flaunt the distinctive name of new church in our eyes, and stigmatize your rival corporations by that of old church! Your intellectual assent to these propositions of Swedenborg, does not constitute you a good man, nor a believer in the Lord. Why then, on the simple ground of such assent, do you challenge the world's visual recognition of you as the Lord's church? The world will say with the apostle James that it would rather see your works than your faith, rather see the spirit than the body! When these shall be found to *distinguish you visibly* from all the rest of mankind, it will be time enough to assert a pretension which under present circumstances appears every way childish and preposterous. "If ye fulfil the royal law of charity, ye do well," and can afford to be indifferent to every name under heaven, indifferent to all those external gauds which are the life of little minds. "But if ye have respect to persons,"—that is, for example, if you make the personal accident of a man's attitude towards Swedenborg, the condition of your communion and sympathy, rather than goodness of life,—"ye do ill;" and the world will not fail to estimate your claim to the name you assume at its true worth.

I am persuaded, my dear sir, that the time has come for sensible men to cease pluming themselves on these small differences from one another. I am very far from counselling the disuse of the ordinances of public worship. I plead solely for the exaltation of their use. I would use them on a scale of enlargement suited to their true internal significance. I would lift them out of their old, limited, and no longer rational function, which is that of separating Christian from Pagan, into their new, universal, and worthy application, which is that of uniting all good men without respect to their formal religious differences, in one divine brotherhood. Rationally acknowledging in Christ the Lord of all worlds—the Father of all the souls that breathe—I would be eager to extend the memorials of his earthly history to every one that claims them, to every soul in whom the faintest image of the divine paternity dwells. If there be not a width in these ordinances sufficient for this purpose, let us at once say so, and lay them aside as no longer congruous with the doctrine of Christ; but so long as we hold a doctrine of Christ affiliating all the good and truth of humanity to him, let us be ashamed to desecrate the symbols of his presence by either personal or geographical restrictions. Literal Christianity has been hitherto a mere territorial distinction. It must cease to be this, or cease to flourish. It must now expand to the dimensions of spiritual Christianity, or it must cease to claim men's respect. For spiritual Christianity has always disdained territorial limitations, and the true Church of Christ consequently, as Swedenborg shows, has ever been co-extensive with the human race. Whosoever lives a life of charity—I do not mean a life of almsgiving, nor a technically devout life, but a really humane life, by the conscientious avoidance of whatever wrongs the neighbor—is *ipso facto* a member of that church, though he himself have never heard the name of Christ. In a word true humanity constitutes the Church of Christ, and every thing else is "mere leather and prunella." This sentiment is getting a wide and deep acceptance of the human mind, and any sect which arrogates to itself another basis, is sure accordingly to reap an increasing harvest of contempt and obloquy. A sect may increase numerically, as the Romish and several of the others are now doing, but strength lies no longer in numbers, but in truth. The strength of a sect is to be computed now, not by its numbers, but by its relation to human progress, by the measure of its recognition of the enlarging sphere of the human mind. Only in the degree in which it allies itself with the legitimate activity of the human faculties, only as it strives to keep in view the ever widening horizon of truth, is it strong. For truth alone is strong, truth as the instrument of human good. It is becoming stronger than all men, and the sects of the old world accordingly, once so formidable to its dominion, are now rapidly losing their power to injure its feeblest follower. In this new world, we may say they are already totally impotent. The common life of humanity disowns them all. They exist among us wilfully, or as a fruit of the competitive spirit, and not of an honest natural necessity. They represent the conflicting individual opinions, not the calm and unitary sentiment, of the nation. They belong to the old times, when rank was every thing, and man nothing. Their meaning is personal, not human. They are the machinery of sect, not of religion.

I have the greatest respect for the members of these sects as related to the common life and purposes of humanity. I have no respect only for their sectarian relations. I have all esteem for their social excellence, not a whit for their party tactics. And I have the sincerest deference for their honest wants, none at all for their wilfulness. Many of them are my most valued friends and companions. Good husbands are they, good fathers, good neighbors, and good citizens. But the coming church requires them to be something more and better than all this, requires them to be good *men* as well. It requires them to love their fellow man, not because he happens to be their kinsman, or neighbor, or fellow citizen, but simply because he is man. It requires them to love him not for what he has of themselves in him, but exclusively for what he has of *good* in him, or for his proper measure of human worth. The church that makes this demand, is the only legitimate offspring of the Divine Humanity, is the only worthy travail of the Redeemer's soul. And it is, moreover, the clear prophecy of all history.

ONE FAULT.

He who will turn away a friend for one fault, is a stranger to the best feeling of the human heart. Who has not erred at least once in his life? If that fault were not overlooked, to what depths of infamy would not thousands have descended? We know not the peculiar and pressing temptations to which another may be exposed. He may have fought manfully for months against sin, and still kept the secret locked in his bosom. At last he was overcome. In a moment he yielded. He would give the whole world to recall the act. He has mourned over it in secret, and repined in dust and ashes. Shall we forsake him? Earth and Heaven, justice and humanity, philanthropy and religion, cry out—"Forgive him!" He who will not forgive must possess the heart of a demon. Surely, the love of God is not in him.

TRUE RELIGION—WHAT IS IT.

Intellectual religion—the religion of speculation and simple Reason; sentimental religion—the religion of fancy, ideality; Sectarian religion—the religion of forms, rites, ceremonies, customs, creeds; then there is the religion of ranting, canting, roaring, screaming, bellowing, bawling, in prayer, sermon, and exhortation; and the religion of disputing, contending, arguing, striving, about religion, its doctrines and its outward forms; and here the religion of indefiniteness, intangibility, ever holding out, and inviting you to receive, that which you can neither discover, nor hold upon—nobody knows what it is, and those who pretend to have can in the end only refer you to their wandering and strange imaginations, which "make pictures when the eyes are shut," but which are as intangible to themselves as to other men. Of all such religion the world is full; is it the true religion? Nay, rather, does not true religion consist not only in the ceremonial, and professed, but also in the practical adoration of the Deity? Surely, it must be so. And in what does that *practical adoration* consist? It is in doing as our Heavenly Father doeth; in making Him, as he is shown to us in "the express image of his person," Jesus Christ, the pattern of our daily life; in shedding abroad constant light, and life, and mercy, and love. Learn then, O man, whosoever you may be, to do good as you have opportunity, to make others love you, by your love of them.—Aye, here is the great mystery of the Divine Sonship—we love God, because He first loved us—let your love of others, then, inspire them with love for you; and you shall indeed be the son of God—this constituted the sonship of Jesus, and made him to be the first-begotten and our elder brother. "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God." May the time arrive in the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, when all shall say, each to other, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

ELIMELECH.

[Gospel Banner.

[Translated for the New York Recorder.]

ON SELF-LOVE,

UNDER THE FORM OF DELICACY AND GENEROSITY.

Suffer me, my dear daughter, to say those things which I believe God requires me to place before your mind. The fundamental evil, blindly cherished in your bosom from your childhood, is an overweening self-love, in the guise of delicacy and heroic generosity. It is a romantic illusion, whose falsehood you have never discovered. You possessed it in the world, and you have associated it with the most sacred subjects. Your taste for many things that are exceptionable, because they are witty, graceful, and delicate, makes me tremble. These feelings have constantly strewn your path with thorns, and have made you, although upright and capable, less useful than many of far inferior endowments.

You are an excellent adviser to others, but in your own concerns you are overcome by trifles. You are a prey to morbid feelings, and are constantly filled with apprehensions lest you should fall into error, or with chagrin for the faults you have already committed. Your excitable imagination magnifies everything, and you are in despair at circumstances that are scarcely worth naming. While you exaggerate your own imperfections, you have the art of investing others with excellences of which they have not even the shadow. Your delicacies and generosities on the one hand, and your jealousies and suspicions on the other, are equally excessive and unreasonable.

You desire to forget self in your devotion, but this forgetfulness tends to make you the idol of yourself and your friends. God calls upon you to destroy this specious form of idolatry. The operation is severe, but necessary. You may go to the end of the world for an antidote, but the disease will cling to you still. Self-love must either be offered as a sacrifice to God, or receive its wonted aliment. In the absence of those in whom you are now interested, you would find pretexts for attaching yourself to others, and if none better were at hand, you would perhaps choose very unworthy objects. God may, perhaps, thus humble you by some miserable infatuation into which he will suffer you to fall, for self-love will sustain itself on the meanest food rather than die with hunger.

There is then but one effectual remedy, and from that you shrink. The grievous pains you suffer are inflicted not by God, but by yourself. You will not allow him to effect your cure, but as soon as he begins to operate, you resist his endeavors, and the work is to be commenced again. The attachments which you have formed for the purpose of gratifying your natural tastes and fastidious delicacy, will become your torment. God finds it necessary to chasten you, and wherever you go, you will experience the same pains, for by the same jealous God you will still be pursued and confounded. You will bear with you the envenomed wound, and although, like Jonas, you may be fugitive, like him you will be overtaken by the tempest.

Chimeras must not take the place of realities; yield yourself to God, and you will behold your true situation. Confess that you are vain, eager for approbation, and willing to be the idol of others, that you may gratify your self-love; and, added to all this, that you are the prey of unbounded jealousy and suspicion. You must look steadily at these frightful realities, and make them familiar truths, for you cannot in any other way eradicate the plague of your own heart. You must see and feel its virulence. All that you do not discover will remain, and all that remains will operate as a deep and deadly poison. Would you abridge the healing process? Do not interrupt it, or repel the hand of the surgeon, while he makes the necessary incision.

Hope not to find peace except in prayer and communion with God. You will not satisfy your self-love by resisting the spirit of grace; on the contrary, you must yield yourself up, without any reserves. You may be bewildered and excited for a little while, and may experience a strength like that which is produced by delirium, but you will not find true peace until you die to self. I see you making convulsive efforts to be courageous and cheerful, while all within is agony. Oh! would you act for God with as much determination as you act in opposition to him, what peace would you enjoy! If you would but suffer for Him the half of that which you endure, rather than root out your self-love, how great would be your happiness. I pray Him whom you resist, to overcome your opposition, to pity your weakness, and to do you as much good as you are doing yourself evil. For myself, I cannot despair of you, for I believe that it is God who inspires me with these strong desires for your restoration. [Fenelon.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW AND SLAVERY.

In a review of Bancroft's History, the subject of slavery, as treated in his volumes, could not be expected to escape notice. As the Edinburgh Review belongs to the *Liberal* school, and is always disposed to look on the favorable side of our country, the following extracts, containing its remarks upon that subject, are entitled to consideration:

"For the historian of America, there is one other subject of inquiry and consideration which all must approach with sorrow, and dwell upon with shame. Need we say we allude to the institution of slavery in that country? Americans, when speaking on this painful subject, are apt to consider themselves the subjects of accusation, and therefore at once proceed to assert that slavery is the work, not of American, but English legislation; and they appear to believe that they exculpate themselves when they have inculpated others. We would, however observe, that the institutions of America—those in which the people of America justly take pride—are all of English origin; and that as they seek, and fairly, to derive honor not from the creation, but the retaining of these safeguards of liberty and happiness, so they must be content to bear what burden of blame is due to the maintenance of the most odious of institutions. There is also another point of view, as respects their national renown, in which it is necessary to regard this subject. Of the present twenty-seven United States, England planted only thirteen; the remaining States are colonies of the United States; and for the existence of slavery in any of these, the United States are answerable before the great tribunal of the civilized world. Unfortunately, we know on what grounds and for what ends this stigma upon our humanity has been extended. We know what are the interests which are still laboring yet further to extend it; and no appeal to ancient or modern history—no proof, however damnatory as regards England, can wipe from the American escutcheon that stain which a sordid love of gain, and a love of power equally degrading, have jointly contributed to cast on it.

"On this subject, as on that of Puritan intolerance, Mr. Bancroft's zeal to maintain the fame of his country has led him into a course of inquiry and remark wholly beside the question; and in some degree has induced him, while defending his own people, to be unjust to other men. He commences his chapter on slavery by an admission of its evils and injustice; and then declares that 'the unjust, wasteful, and unhappy system was fastened upon the rising institutions of America, not by the consent of the corporation nor the desires of the emigrants; but as it was introduced by the mercantile avarice of a foreign nation, so it was subsequently riveted by the policy of England, without regard to the interests or the wishes of the colony.'—(Vol. i, p. 159.)

"If Mr. Bancroft will scan carefully this assertion, he will see that it is contradicted not only by the subsequent story, *but by itself*. The system was fastened on the rising institutions of America by the avarice of a foreign nation, and this in opposition to the desires of the emigrants. But surely there were in Virginia *buyers* as well as *sellers* of slaves. Who were these buyers? The emigrants. And this is in terms admitted by Mr. Bancroft himself. 'For many years,' he says, 'the Dutch were principally concerned in the slave trade *in the market of Virginia;* the immediate demand for laborers may, in part, have blinded the eyes of the planters to the ultimate evils of slavery, though the laws of the colony at a very early period discouraged its increase by a special tax upon female slaves.'—(Vol. i, p. 177.) And again he says; 'Towards the negro the laws [of Virginia] were less tolerant. The statute which declares who are slaves followed the old idea, long prevalent through Christendom—all servants, not being Christians, imported into this country by shipping shall be slaves.' [A. D. 1670.] Yet it was added, 'conversion to the Christian faith doth not make free.' [1682.] The early Anglo-Saxon rule, interpreting every doubtful question in favor of liberty, declared the children of freemen to be free. Virginia was humane towards men of the white race; was severe towards the negro. Doubts arose, if the offspring of an Englishman by a negro woman should be bond or free; and the rule of the Roman law prevailed over the Anglo-Saxon. The offspring followed the condition of its mother. Enfranchisement of the population was not encouraged; *the female slave was not subject to taxation;* the emancipated negress was tithable. The death of a slave from extremity of correction was not accounted felony; since it cannot be presumed—such is the language of the statute—that prepensed malice, which alone makes murder felony, should induce any man to destroy his own estate. The Legislature did not understand human passion; no such opinion now prevails. Finally, it was made lawful for persons pursuing fugitive colored slaves to wound or even to kill them. The master was absolute lord over his negro. The slave and the slave's posterity were bondsmen: though afterwards, when the question was raised, the devise of negro children in *posse*, the future increase of a bondwoman, was void. As property in Virginia consisted almost exclusively of land and laborers, the increase of negro slaves was grateful to the pride and to the interests of the large landed proprietors. After a long series of years, the institution of slavery renewed a landed aristocracy, closely resembling the feudal nobility; the culminating point was the period when slaves were declared to be real estate, and might be constituted by the owner adscripts to the soil.' [A. D. 1705—1727.; Vol. ii, p. 194.]

"These laws were all passed by the people of Virginia, and some of them by Legislatures chosen by universal suffrage. How, then, can it be asserted that slavery was instituted and maintained in opposition to the wishes of the emigrants?

"The guilt, and there was much guilt, must be shared by all concerned in this terrible and nefarious traffic. The misery and mischief still remain; and cannot, alas! by any legislation, be at once utterly eradicated. If the slaves were white, a sudden emancipation would put an end to the legal distinction, and in a few years no traces of it would remain. But the difference of color renders impossible all hope of any such sudden and thorough eradication of the evil. If the slaves were, to-morrow, to be all made freemen, the social ban would still remain—the curse of his skin would stick to the unfortunate negro. In a case so fraught with difficulties, it is not the part of a wise or good man to excite angry feelings, to bandy abuse, or to attempt by any sophistry or artifice to hide or extenuate the evil. We fear, indeed, that the efforts of zealous but indiscreet friends of freedom have, in many cases, increased instead of alleviating the misery of the slave. We should recollect that it is not always cupidity that renders the slave-owner jealous of any interference. Fear, ever-wakeful fear, besets them all, and they dread, as a consequence of the abolitionist teaching, not simply the loss of property, but life itself. They feel that they, their family, their friends, their very country is on the verge of destruction. We need not, therefore, wonder at the jealous watch which they keep against the intrusion of any doctrines or doings which may be followed, as they believe, by such terrible consequences. With their honest terror we can sympathize, and pity those who feel it. But there is another class of slaveholders against whom we confess our anger rises, and for whose arrogance and cruelty we would cheerfully assist in contriving a punishment. We mean those who declare slavery not only to be no evil, but an absolute necessity *in a perfect republic*. If there were any danger of such doctrines prevailing, we should be prepared, at any risk, to oppose them by every species of abolitionist agitation. But there is no such danger. A few extravagant crack-brained demagogues of the South, excited by what Mr. Bentham delighted to call 'an interest-begotten prejudice,' may sometimes rave after this fashion; but no rational American denies the dreadful evil which slavery has entailed on his country. There is none who does not ardently desire to put an end to this calamitous institution. One fundamental rule, indeed, there is, which every honest politician is bound religiously to follow—and that is, to oppose the *extension* of the curse. It may be impossible, as we believe it is, to eradicate, at once, the institution and its consequences from those States in which it has been long established. But no desire of gain, no plan of party aggrandizement, can justify the propagation of this moral pestilence. We must be permitted to doubt of the sincerity of any man's lamentations over the evils of slavery, who seeks by his vote, or his influence, or his countenance, 'to *rivet* the *unjust*, *wasteful*, and unhappy system upon the rising institutions, of the States which have yet to be formed under the American Constitution."

ELIOT'S BIBLE.

It has been the opinion of the press and the public for many years, that this venerable monument of former philanthropy had become practically useless, because the language had become extinct, with the tribe of people which conversed in it. But the language into which Eliot translated the Bible is still a living language, and the Bible is still in use. We know that these declarations may dissipate much of the charm which attaches to the few copies of this translation remaining in the Atlantic States, and that their truthfulness will at first be questioned. Still from a letter which has lately come into our hands, we are assured that many copies of Eliot's translation are now in being, and read in worship by some among the "Last of the Mohegans." The Mohegans were taught Christianity by a philanthropic Englishman, named Stockbridge, in the western part of Massachusetts. From this place they were long since removed to Green Bay, on the northwestern shores of Lake Michigan from whence they have recently been removed to the Indian Territory where they are known as the Stockbridges. They are Christianized, and acquainted with the English language, yet they hold the name of Eliot in high veneration, and are able to read the scriptures translated by him into the "language in which they were born." We feel assured that this account is correct, and are able to substantiate it. The copies of Eliot's translation now in New England are few, evidently marked by age, and will long possess an antiqurian value. But the notion, so prevalent, that Eliot's influence has ceased, with the extinction of a language, must be abandoned; his works are still known; and his success teaches us, that a missionary's labors of translating the Bible, may enhance the well being of a people centuries after he has ceased from his toils. [Alliance and Visiter.

The following article from the New York Observer, was referred to last week by our New York Correspondent, but did not reach us in season for our last week's paper. For our comments upon it see inside of the Register.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED AGAIN.

In reply to our remarks upon the mendacious attack of the Boston (Unitarian) Register on Dr. Spring and the Brick Church, the editor of that paper makes the following single paragraph:

"The New York Observer complains," &c. Not "complains" precisely: (1) We charge you distinctly and explicitly with the violation of every principle of moral duty: we charge you with having imputed to a pure man and a Christian body of men crimes that deserve a penitentiary: we charge you with having lent your columns to the propagation of unfounded calumnies, without having the least shadow of authority on which to rest for your justification. We suppose that you have a decent respect for the rules of social order, and that you would not say of your neighbor that he is a bad member of society, unless you were able to prove it; and therefore we *did* suppose that as conductors of a public journal, you would not characterize a man or body of men as swindlers and extortioners and sharks, unless you had the means at hand of proving the foul reproaches to be just.

But you display your boasted "liberality" in a most magnanimous offer. "If the Observer or any one else will furnish evidence that his statements are wrong, we will very cheerfully publish the corrections." This is your *liberality!* You print some three or four columns of charges against the public and private character of men, whose standing is at least as reputable as your own: you apply to them epithets which the the courtesies of life forbid in the intercourse of gentlemen, and which are as hostile to the Christian spirit as they are to truth; and when you are met by a fair offer to go into the investigation of these charges, you offer to publish the corrections if we or any body will furnish evidence that your correspondent has drawn upon his fancy and his hate for the statements he has made! (2) Is this the mode of procedure to which you are accustomed? If we should charge that your private character is bad, that you are in the habit of indulging in certain sins that the spirit of the gospel forbids and that none commit who are under the power of the gospel, if we should send out to the world such covert inuendos that might mean everything foul, while they left us without the responsibility of having branded you as an adulturer or a thief, would it be a decent apology for our conduct that we are willing to publish the correction if you disprove the charges? Must you prove a negative? Must you produce evidence that you are a respectable man, in order to compel us to retract our statements? Yet

knowing that the relief of the poor, the supply of work to indigent females, the promotion of private charities, and all those schemes of benevolence which aim at cheering the depressed, restoring the sick and ministering to the afflicted, are pursued with sleepless diligence, summer and winter, year after year, not with a flourish of trumpets, as they do who cannot visit a prisoner without blowing the bellows of their own charity, but with an influence like the dew and the gentle rain that gladden the meadows on which they descend. You will find the Unitarians noisy and busy in schemes of doubtful philanthropy and questionable morality; their public meetings and speeches are trumpeted in the organs of Fourierism and liberal Christianity, but if they are any more benevolent in secret places than their neighbors, the world has been slow in finding it out.

And again we say that we have not selected the Brick church and its pastor for eulogy; the Unitarians selected them as specimens of the immoral tendency of orthodoxy, and we have seized upon their illustration as the text from which we propose to offer several discourses. There are other churches and ministers that we should be pleased to investigate in the same way. The statistics of the Presbytery of New York for the last year are on our table now, and a single church, not the Brick church, but the First (Dr. Phillip's) Presbyterian church, has contributed for benevolent purposes in this one year, $33,551. And this is *exclusive* of Mr. Lenox's gifts, and exclusive too of all that is done out of ecclesiastical channels. It does not embrace a hundred streams of private benevolence flowing through the streets and lanes of this city, streams that are swollen by the munificence of this congregation, and streams that never taste of the rose-water philanthropy of the Unitarian school.

So of the orthodox ministry; instead of confining our remarks to Dr. Spring, we would meet our defamers had they chosen any other prominent orthodox pastor in this city. We would revert to the Cholera season again, and tell of a Presbyterian minister faithful among the faithless, who was detected in such a work as the following: A physician entered an abode of wretchedness and poverty, to see an old woman who had been seized; she was on a bed of rags and a clergyman bending over her; she had thrown her arms around his neck drawing his lips close to her ear, *for she was deaf*, and he was shouting the words of salvation, if perchance the accents of mercy might reach her departing soul. Writhing in the agonies of Cholera and anxious to know the way to the Savior's bosom, she was striving to hear the words of life from the lips of this orthodox, Presbyterian minister, whose philanthropy would be scouted by these Pharisees of the trumpet and newspaper.

Such are some of the fruits of *Orthodoxy*, to say nothing of the *Poems it has written*!

P. S. Our pages will be so much engrossed for a few weeks with the Reports of benevolent meetings, (more fruits of the hated orthodoxy) that we shall be obliged to defer any further attention to our Unitarian revilers; but we will not forget them when the spring labors are over.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1847.

THE JAMESTOWN.—ASSISTANCE TO THE IRISH.

The United States sloop of war, now "sloop of peace," Jamestown, arrived in our harbor last Sunday morning, within an hour of seven weeks from the time when she left. Her passages out and back have both been quite remarkable, and show the skill and promptness with which every thing connected with her has been conducted. They may also, we trust, without superstitious feelings, be regarded as a token of the divine favor that went with her on her errand of mercy. Thousands of sad hearts have been cheered, and hundreds of lives saved by her bounty; but we cannot measure the amount of good that may be done by this new mode of employing ships of war, softening down national asperities and opening a benignant intercourse between rival nations. In this view, the event stands out before us as one of the deepest interest,—an augury of good to unborn generations. Happy the man who first conceived the plan, and happy he who was permitted to carry it out.

The whole matter is so honorable to all the parties concerned, and makes so bright a spot amid the dark features of the times, that we cannot resist the inclination to dwell upon it more at length. The Irish papers are full of enthusiastic acknowledgments.

"Right nobly," says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, "have the citizens of the great republic discharged their duty to poor Ireland. Every post conveys intelligence of the unparalleled bounty of America. And surely the munificence of the givers will not be unremembered when prosperity again returns, and we shall have time to reflect on the wonderful exertions of a remote though kindred people to save a distant land from famine. It is, however, a land to which the republic owes something, but much does her generosity surpass the extent of the obligation. If Irishmen have contributed to the renown and opulence of America, they have been more than re-paid in the protection of her free institutions, and the reward of that industry which at home is unrewarded, and leads only to famine. Much as we have been delighted by the readiness with which the Boston citizens took the field of charity, as well as the energy of the authorities in preparing the Jamestown, our gratitude and delight spreads out into a wider circle when we contemplate the efforts which succeeding accounts have brought—efforts made in almost every district of the union. We publish elsewhere ample evidence of this universal feeling. Every great community throughout the union has come forward with its contribution. But what even still more is to be valued, and indicates the temper of the Republic is, that small localities which scarcely find their names on the map, and even humble villages, and the very workmen have clubbed their funds, and forwarded bountiful supplies of corn. In England, a similar demonstration was made by many with hearts larger than their means; but the contiguity accounts for the home benevolence, while the philanthropy of the distant citizen of America, whose fortunes are unaffected by our own, touches us more closely, because pure sympathy can only account for its beneficent existence."

In another column of the same paper is the following;

"We re-print to-day the Address of the Corporation of Dublin to the President of the United States, and the Address of the same body to Captain Forbes, commander of the United States ship, *Jamestown*. When we originally placed these documents before the public a few days since, we were not aware that the gallant Captain Forbes had already left our shores, and was guiding his noble vessel to the land of happiness and freedom, after having fulfilled her mission to this land of misery and serfdom. We hoped, as did also the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, that the Addresses unanimously adopted at the Council, would have been forwarded by a special deputation of the Corporate body to Cork, and the one presented and the other entrusted to Captain Forbes in a manner worthy the parties addressed, and in keeping with the sense which the Town Council and citizens of Dublin entertain of the generous and unprecedented conduct of the free citizens of the Great Republic. In that hope we were disappointed. Owing to the dispatch with which the officers and crew of the Jamestown perfected their work of mercy, they had actually left the harbor of Cork, not only before the citizens of Dublin were aware of their intended time of departure, but before the Corporation Addresses were adopted. We deem it necessary to explain to our transatlantic friends how it came to pass that the Addresses of the first municipality of Ireland were not in time for presentation to their gallant representatives. Irishmen acquainted with the routine of our corporate affairs, and, above all, acquainted with the feelings of gratitude, admiration, and respect for the American character and people which fill the heart of every Irishman, require no explanation on the subject. *They* know the forms which produced the delays; they know the anxiety manifested by the Dublin Corporation to seize on the first opportunity permitted by these forms to express gratitude to America. It is right, however, that the necessary formalities which caused delay and disappointment to the citizens of Dublin should be known to the generous people of America, lest they should misconstrue that delay into apathy or indifference."

The meeting of the Corporation of Dublin was called as soon as the law would allow. In the corporation are men of various creeds and various political opinions.

"There are some of the old Tory school who have hardly learned to forget that their predecessors once called the Americans "rebels." There are some of the Whig liberals, who talk of freedom, but who dislike the realities of republican liberty; but there are some who, like ourselves, *owe* and *pay* allegiance to monarchy, and monarchical institutions, but whose judgments and affections tend towards the more exalted liberty which has found a full development in the great republic of America. Yet, in this heterogeneous assembly, consisting of sixty members, chosen by, and representing citizens of equally dissimilar opinions, there was but one feeling, that of gratitude—but one sentiment, that of admiration for AMERICA."

We give below portions of the address to the President of the United States.

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"SIR—We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Corporation of the City of Dublin, beg leave to tender to you, and through you, to the Federal Government and Legislature of the United States, our deep and affectionate gratitude for the prompt generosity with which you placed at the disposal of your benevolent citizens the national ships, the JAMESTOWN and MACEDONIAN, for the purpose of conveying to our famishing countrymen the supplies of food furnished by the liberality of the noble-hearted people of your Republic.

"To you, Sir, as the head of a state which is foreign to the power to which it is our fate to owe allegiance, obvious motives of delicacy prevent us from expressing the emotions suggested by a contrast which here involuntary presents itself. Of that contrast it was not your intention to make any ostentation, and we will not further allude to it; but no motives need prevent us, as Irishmen, who never can consider your nation as alien to our hearts or affections, from expressing our satisfaction that the government of a free people, who have so long afforded a hospitable refuge to our expatriated countrymen, should have set to the nations of the world the noble example of aiding the private benevolence of its citizens by giving its ships of war to convey food to a distant people, whose unhappy position gives them no national equivalent to return, but must leave the generous donors to be rewarded by the approval of their own consciences."

* * * * *

"That the people of Ireland should be so often exhibited to the world as mendicants, receiving the charity of other nations, is deeply humiliating to us, so that the pleasure of rendering you our thanks is dashed with glomoy and melancholy feeling. To return thanks gracefully for favors, which, while they bless the giver, must in some degree humiliate the receiver, is no easy task—nor will you exact from our misery, its perfect execution. But if it could be easy in any case—it would be easy in the present. Your manner and your words have been as kindly sympathetic as your acts have been open handed and liberal. If there was any country to which the Irish people could feel pleasure in owing and acknowledging an obligation of this character, that country, Sir, would be yours. You will believe, Sir, that our present gratitude is deep-felt and abiding, and is measured not so much by the extent of the benefit conferred on our people, as by the flattering good-will evinced in conferring it.

"To you, Sir, personally, for the promptness with which you sanctioned the act of the legislature, and the wonderful rapidity, so characteristic of your nation, with which you had it carried into execution, we tender our warmest acknowledgments—and respectfully beg that you will convey to the Government, the Legislature, and the People of the United States, the expression of a gratitude, which shall never be effaced from our hearts, or those of our childrens' children."

The following is the address from the same assembly to Capt. R. B. Forbes.

"SIR—We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the city of Dublin, beg to convey to you the expression of our admiration of the chivalrous spirit which induced you and your gallant companions, Captain M'Condry and Fowell, to sever for a time the endearing ties of home, and country, and associates, and to encounter the hardships and dangers of a long voyage at an inclement season of the year, that you might gratify a noble impulse by superintending, in person, the conveyance to our shores of food, the free gift of your generous citizens to our starving countrymen.

You, Sir, have seen some of the misery which you have come to relieve—you have heard expressed, and your eloquent words, borne to us by the press, abundantly testify, that you appreciate, the grateful sense which the people of Cork entertain of your personal devotion to the interests of humanity—of the services you have rendered our unhappy people—and of the benevolence of the citizens of Massachusetts. When you return to your free and happy home, you can tell your generous countrymen the good they have done—the misery and sufferings they have alleviated, and the many lives their bounty will have saved. Let these be your and their great reward.

We desire to commingle our thanks with those you have already received, and to assure you that your name, and those of your generous companions, will be long remembered with gratitude and respect by the citizens of Dublin.

We have now, Sir, to ask you to place us under an additional obligation, and to request that you will, on our behalf, convey to the President of your generous nation the accompanying document, which we trust he will be pleased to accept as an adequate expression of our sense of the conduct of your government, your legislature, your people."

Of all the different addresses to Mr. Forbes none has touched our feelings more than one drawn up by Tenant League of the county of Cork. We do not stop to criticise the style. There is in some of its expressions a pathos, more affecting than any public exhibition of gratitude. We give only a part.

"Our own land is fruitful—our clime genial—our people frugal and laborious, and our Sovereign gracious—yet we perish. A monster, grown into giant power amongst us, is found more destructive than the annual inundation of ten thousand rivers, or incursion of barbarian foes—LANDLORDISM. He has crept into the councils of the state and shackled our beloved Queen with laws of his own making; into every local board, and imposes rates and taxes as he pleases; into the hovel of the laborer and the homestead of the farmer, and hath taken away their hard earned harvest. He pities not as we perish, and he defames while we entreat. Amongst the many favors we owe you, respected Sir, is this one, also—that you vindicate our good name. The laborer who is here despised and hated, as vile and infamous, having escaped to you is good and generous; feels for the national suffering and gives his unbought labor to hasten on our succor. Our middle classes, persecuted and maligned here, by interested slanderers, who plunder while they lie, naturalised in your happy country, are good and virtuous citizens—glowing with the benevolent desire to bless. Let not this desolating monster creep into your fertile land. Go, good stranger, we would not keep you if we could. We have no gifts—memorials of our great esteem. We are too poor. We have no festive board to bid you welcome to. Unshrouded death stands sentinel beside its porch. We have full hearts; we thank and bless you—we can do no more.

"Go, good stranger; may the perrennial prayers of a grateful people waft you to your happy home. Quell that soft 'rebellion' there, and may the unfading garland of peace which you have won, and the choice blessing of approving Heaven be your happy lot—long enjoyed with the wife of your bosom, the children of your love, and the friends of your many virtues.

"Go, good stranger; guide your gallant ship back to her country. Should that country and civilization need, may her awakened thunders strike terror to the daring foe; and may Britain (remembering your succor in her hour of need) be ever found beside you in the time of war, to avert the impending danger, or shatter any unholy alliance that might threaten your repose. Brothers in Blood, may fraternal bonds ever bind those gallant nations, whether in time of peace or war.

"Bear to the good people of New England our grateful love. Tell your government and people their own unarmed 'sloop of peace' has won a nation that, perhaps, the world could not conquer, and secured an ally on every sea. To the LABORERS' FRIEND SOCIETY convey our warmest thanks, and tell John Denny (your lowly violet smells more sweetly than our gaudy tulip) that he is our brother. We have enrolled him a member of our *Tenant League*.

"We would fain join you in that happy land, but it is, perhaps, our lot to struggle against a band of petty tyrants, more numerous than the thistles of the dessert, who infest our fields and haunt our homes.

"MAY GOD BLESS AMERICA AND YOU."

At a Soiree in honor of Mr. Forbes, at the Temperance institute, Father Matthew, the President of the Society, being called upon, rose amidst enthusiastic cheers.

"He said he thanked them with all the sincerity of his heart. He never imagined that in the sorrow with which they were surrounded, he could feel so much happiness as he then enjoyed. It might be said that the present time was out of place for gracing their new hall with festivity—but the occasion was the justification of their festival (hear, hear.) The occasion was a sublime and beautiful one (cheers.) The memory of it would never pass away, and proud should the members of the institute be to have had the honor of giving a public welcome to the man who was an honor to human nature (great cheering.) He would not have said so much only that he wished to apologise for their making a festival in this season of distress (cheers.)"

Father Matthew was not able to attend the dinner given to Mr. Forbes, but sent the following letter, which when read, was most loudly cheered at every line.

"Cork, 15th April, 1847.

"MESSRS. SCOTT AND DREW, GENTLEMEN—With pleasure and thankfulness, I accepted your kind invitation to assist at the festival in honor of him, whom all Ireland delight to honor.

I esteemed it a high privilege, to be allowed to pay my humble tribute of respect, to the high minded, philanthropic, self-sacrificing Bennett Forbes of Boston.

Circumstances over which I have no control, place an insurmountable obstacle to my participation this evening in your delightful demonstration of gratitude, to the man, that first opened the vista to a blissful scene of Universal Peace, by navigating a vessel of War, from the shores of the great Republic, into the most magnificent of British Harbours, on a God like mission of pure humanity and brotherly love.—O may this sweet spirit be speedily diffused from Pole to Pole, uniting all mankind in one family, making the wants of each individual, of every creed and every clime, the warm concern of the whole—as has been nobly done by the benevolent Citizens of Boston.

Assuring you of the deep regret I feel, whilst writing this apology, I am, Gentlemen, with highest esteem, your most devoted,"

THEOBOLD MATHEW.

We regret not being able to find room for Mr. Forbes's speech at the dinner, a speech quite remarkable as coming from a man who had had no experience in such things. The part of a letter which has been objected to as of a political character, and therefore unfit for such an occasion, was not read at the dinner, but happened to fall into the hands of an editor, by whom it was published, without Forbe's consent, as part of the speech.

In every point of view, how much more cheering, how much more exciting and delightful to dwell upon, is the victory gained by the Jamestown, than all the victories which have been announced from our other ships and armies. Here a whole nation roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and gratitude towards the people who have generally reached out an arm to rescue them from death,—there a nation mourning over those whom we have slain, and burning against us with hatred and revenge. But we turn from the unwelcome contrast with the earnest prayer, that this new method of conquest may come to be the only one recognized by the law of nations, that, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," may be the sublime anthem in which all the nations of the earth as well as the angels of heaven shall join. Then shall the loftiest dreams of patriots and prophets be realised, the kingdom of heaven be indeed established, and the second advent of Christ recognized in all hearts.

SOCIETIES WITHOUT MINISTERS.

We have at this time quite a large number of societies without ministers, and some of them are among the most important societies in our denomination. It is a critical period for a society to pass through, but useful, as it may serve to show whether its members are attached to principle or to a man. It is customary at such times for the congregation to become scattered. Sometimes the conduct of the society in dismissing a minister, or of the minister in leaving a society, has created a sort of disaffection, and taken from the comfort with which the Sabbath services are attended. And where this is not the case, the sort of interest which bound the people to the sanctuary is materially lessened, and at a time when the cause most needs support, its adherents are most ready to forsake it. But this is not right. When your society is prosperous, it may possibly be able to do without you. But now in the day of its trial you should stand by it. You owe something to the cause, and by your fidelity to that, though the preacher may not be what you want, you may even more effectually advance in all Christian virtues, than by a sort of passive attendance on a ministry which greatly pleases you. The welfare of the Society is now entrusted to you. Let every member, who has the cause at heart, feel this, and be more zealous than ever to attend the services and to do all that can be done for its prosperity. Let the Sunday School be kept up. Let there be social meetings among the teachers and others who take a deep interest in the society. Let individual members look to the religious culture of themselves and their household, that the ties of spiritual truth and social union which bind them to what they regard as the cause of Christ, may be strengthened. Let whatever concerns the society—its music, place of meeting, its poor members, the sick and the sorrowing,—be objects of special interest and care. Let this be done, and the society, even while without a minister, will be blessed with the highest elements of prosperity. We attach altogether too much importance to mere preaching—to the pleasant voice and words of the minister. Let us have life in ourselves, and so be less dependent on these outward helps, which after all are but feeble instruments, and may fail us when we put our greatest dependence upon them.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

We have given on our first page, an article from the New York Observer touching our New York Correspondent. It is a controversy in which we take no part. We have no personal knowledge of the facts of the case and no particular interest in the result. We have opened our columns to the articles of a writer, who was represented to us a man of intelligence and character, bred among Calvinists and still, as we supposed, connected with that religious body. We did not then, and do not now, undertake to endorse all his statements. But we thought at the time, and still think, that the impressions of an intelligant man so situated, as to the practical workings of Calvinism, would be interesting and valuable. We did not wish to confine our readers to the statements on one side, but are happy also to publish anything to the point that may be offered by the other party. Some things said by our correspondent are perhaps too severe, and we may question the propriety of singling out a particular congregation for the purpose of showing the practical influence of a particular creed; since it must, almost of necessity, assume, in some measure, the character of a personal attack. The New York Observer, however, cannot, we believe, with a very good grace, complain of such a course.

We really are at a loss to account for all the violence and wrath, which are shown in the opening paragraphs. We did not suppose that our correspondent was bringing such charges against Dr. Spring, as should impeach his Christian character. He took up this particular case to show that Calvinistic preaching is very much more occupied with certain abstract Theological doctrines than with the practical morality of the Gospel, which centres in the great doctrine of Christian love. In this connexion he referred to the different degrees of censure bestowed on different offences, according as they might be supposed to violate some of the first principles of morality or some of the rules of Church discipline; comparing, for example, evil speaking with dancing, &c. &c. Now could we not admit such an article into our paper, without "the violation of every principle of moral duty"!

The rule laid down by the Observer in the third paragraph, is unquestionably correct. He who brings a charge, whether against a man or a body of men, is bound to establish it. The charge in this case, we cannot understand to be at all what the Observer considers it. If we had so regarded it, we should certainly have had it cancelled, though it so happens that we did not read it till after it was in type. But the charge, whatever it may be, is made on the authority of one, who specifies facts of which he professes to have personal knowledge. His testimony is the evidence which is offered. We published the testimony on one side, and offered the use of our columns for the admission of testimony on the other side. Where is the illiberality or unfairness of such a course?

So much for the exaggerated and not very sweet tempered declamation of the Observer. Its statements of facts we publish with unmingled pleasure, only hoping that they may prove to be, what we have no reason now to doubt, true statements.

One word as to the expression, "our Unitarian revilers." Crito, as he has more than once testified, is no Unitarian. He was educated a Calvinist, and having no connexion with Unitarians has sought our paper for his communications, because he supposed that it would be open to a discussion of the practical influences of Calvinism, as shown in New York. The editor of the Christian Register, is no party to this controversy, but acts only as a moderator. If he has erred, as possibly he may, in admitting a few sentences from Crito, which had been better unsaid, he fears that in publishing the article from the Observer he has done far more to administer to angry and unchristian feelings, than in publishing the whole New York Correspondence. But of this our readers, who have both sides before them, will better judge. Will the New York Inquirer, read Crito?

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1847.

A SABBATH WITH DR. DEWEY.

DEAR SIR,—It is now several years since I first had the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., of the Church of the Messiah, and some special and memorable peculiarities in my own mental experience, at that time, might have aided in producing an impression strongly in his favor as a religious teacher. My mind had been for a long time exceedingly depressed by a succession of adverse events, which threatened the prostration of long cherished hopes and plans of life. One disappointment was ever followed by another, till all the pathway of life was overhung with clouds, and my heart despairingly and rebelliously demanded of my Maker "wherefore hast thou made me in vain."

It was in such a frame of mind that I strolled without aim or purpose into the Church where Dr. Dewey officiated, and heard him for the first time. So it was that his prayer previous to the sermon, set forth very distinctly the exact state of my troubled mind, and implored relief in terms admirably fitted to its wants. And when the topic of the sermon was announced, and he proposed to consider the sufferings of this life as disciplinary and designed to aid our moral growth and development, and to nurture us in the great and good and noble qualities of which our nature is capable, I felt that there was the promise at least of the truths which my case required. And as the discussion progressed, and thought after thought was evolved, and the glow of the preacher's feelings communicated itself to the hearers, and we saw and felt how, under the benign economy of Providence, "misery shall pass into suffering, and suffering into discipline, and discipline into virtue, and virtue into heaven," what heart could refrain from admitting that it is "good to be afflicted," and that infinite wisdom is vindicated by experience from severity even in its most rigid discipline of erring man.

The personal appearance of Dr. Dewey, a matter of very considerable importance to a public speaker, is altogether agreeable, dignified and commanding. His voice full, rich and musical; his utterance distinct, and impressive; and his style admirably adapted to the purposes of the pulpit. Of this, indeed it is quite unnecessary to speak, as the general verdict has awarded him a high rank among living writers. Few writers on religious subjects of the present day are so much quoted or read as Dr. Dewey, in proportion to the amount published of the respective authors.

But I meant, in the commencement of this letter, to attempt not a criticism of the preaching or writing of Dr. Dewey, but simply to recall some of the impressions of the Sabbath on which it was my good fortune first to hear him. I have referred to the state of my own mind as depressed and jaded by untoward experiences. The topic of thought prominent in the sermon was adapted to my condition, and therefore more likely to arrest and impress. I well and often remember that the services gave me, not merely the satisfaction, the pleasure which an able and well-delivered sermon will at any time afford,—nor merely the relief which is sometimes effected by a sermon directing the mind's attention from its burden of care, to follow the preacher in some beautiful fancy, or some daring flight of the imagination. Not in either of these modes did the service relieve my mind. But the truths of the sermon seemed to be transfused through the heart. It was not by drawing false pictures of life and the world, and cheating the mind into the belief that this is a world of perpetual sunshine and "never withering flowers," that the preacher aimed to comfort the depressed. On the contrary, the cares, the sorrows, the manifold and intense miseries of life were recognized as existing in every man's path, and the office of a spiritual guide was not to deny them, but to teach the heart how to battle with them and gain the victory; and as we followed him in his clear disclosures of the connection between heroic and sanctified suffering, and the highest degrees of moral goodness and pure enjoyment, the heart of the hearer was swayed by the single desire not to escape all sorrow and suffering, but to act worthily in the midst of the fires of earthly trial.

I have returned in many a thoughtful hour since, to the strong and vivid picture then presented of the nobleness and sublimity of the scene when man beset with difficulty and overwhelmed by calamity, stands up and resolves to be more than a man, and to make the very misfortunes that assail him subservient to his purpose. It was said of Franklin in reference to his discoveries in electricity that he snatched the lightning from the clouds. But the good man in his strife with the miseries of his lot, rises above the clouds and lives there, and their thunders roll harmlessly far beneath his feet, and their vast folds instead of interposing like a funeral pall between him and the sun, lie piled up beneath him like silvery fleeces flashing back the bright beams of the day-god into a calm, clear atmosphere that is forever unvexed with storms, and always unclouded and serene.

The idea that all the adversities of this mortal state if met in the right spirit, are transformed into aids and helpers in the struggle for true nobleness and immortality, is one of those beautiful truths which disarm our probation of half its sternness, and encourage the most weak and timid to share in the strife. Fleeing from difficulty does not avert it—dreading or trembling does not conciliate it, but manly, fearless wrestling with it transforms it into an ally and a friend; and instead of casting it, when conquered, from our arms as a foe, we press it down to our bosom as an angel in disguise, whose visit and whose withstanding us in the way was to call into exercise powers and virtues which if unresisted had been unknown, undisciplined and undeveloped.

In short, the reflections awakened by a Sabbath with Dr. Dewey, were such as have often been remembered with pleasure, and not I trust without profit. And in speaking of his sermon on that occasion, I am not aiming to illustrate the genius of Dr. D., or claiming for him any remarkable originality of thought, but am merely recording the effect of one of his ordinary discourses, an effect owing chiefly, on the speaker's part, to the fact that he delivered his message as if he had himself struggled with difficulty and learned how to meet it manfully; and as if, farther, his heart was in sympathy with the great brotherhood and communion of suffering. It was this that appeared to give a weight to his counsels which mere genius and eloquence would fail to impart.

Truly yours, CRITO.

NOTE. The recipe of Mrs. Glass for making a hare pie has been admired as judicious. "First catch the hare, and then," &c. A recipe for a criticism, in like manner, should say "First *read* the article to be remarked upon," then &c., which advice if followed, would have saved the Christian Inquirer of this city from falling into the trap of the N. Y. Observer, by its late ill-considered article on the New York Correspondence of the Register. We have hopes that the Inquirer will yet take the trouble to read that correspondence, when it will discover, if too late for redress, not too late for wholesome regret, that it has ascribed to Crito what he never said or did. It is unnecessary for me again to go over the ground which was reviewed in my last. The Observer and Inquirer may share between them the remarks of last week. CRITO.

For the Register.

HOLLIS STREET SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR,—In the last number of your paper there occurs an article above the signature "A.," in which I find the following passage:

"The most exemplary Church members are often found among those who have not an abundance of this world's goods. By their fruits we know that they are his disciples. How then shall we dare to exclude them from fellowship with those who meet around the table of our Lord and Master? And yet this has been done. In a Society in this city, it has been decided that no male has a right to act as a member of the church *unless he owns a pew*. This the proprietors of the meeting house have declared by a vote at a meeting held for the purpose, which vote was introduced by the pastor into a meeting of the brethren of the church, and an individual who had been a member of the Church for six years was thus summarily deprived of his rights."

Many of your readers will probably conclude that reference is had in this statement to the Church and Society in *Hollis Street*, and I suppose this conclusion would be correct. I ask you then, in order to do justice, to insert in your columns the present communication.

On the first Sunday in March, a year after the settlement of the present Pastor in Hollis Street, certain persons, most of whom were unknown, even by sight, to the Pastor, appeared in the Meeting-house with claim to act as members of the Church in relation to business of a financial nature proposed by the senior deacon of the Church in the assumed capacity of Treasurer. The meeting was adjourned to Tuesday evening, 9th March, at the Pastor's house, and meanwhile it became incumbent upon all concerned to ascertain the true legal relation of Church-membership. From high professional advice and from actual examination of reported decisions by Chief Justice Shaw and others, the Pastor became satisfied that it was proper to refuse recognition of a right to vote in business matters on the part of persons not members of the Society to which the Church belongs. He accordingly refused such votes, but distinctly stated at the time, and has repeatedly stated since, particularly to the person referred to in the article which occasions this communication, that no procedure at this meeting, or at a further adjourned meeting, was meant to work excommunication. The point in question was simply the right to vote in matters pertaining to the Church-fund.

At the meeting on March 9th, a vote was passed by the Church which the Pastor took special care should be worded in such a manner as to *avoid* the charge of excommunication. It was as follows:

"Whereas (certain persons named) have severally withdrawn from the public worship of God at the Meeting-house in Hollis Street, and have connected themselves with other religious Societies, and have ceased to be members of the Society and congregation worshipping in the Meeting-house in Hollis Street, and whereas we are advised that they have thereby ceased to be *legally* members of the Hollis Street Church,

Therefore, Resolved, That the said (persons named) have ceased to be *legally* members of this Church and have no rights, powers or privileges as *such* members."

At a Meeting of the Proprietors of the Hollis street Meeting-house, held on March 16th, a week *after* this action of the Church, the following votes were passed unanimously:

"Whereas, the Church of this Society have passed the following Resolution, viz: (Here is recited the above vote of the Church; and then) —Therefore

Voted: That we the Proprietors of the Meeting House in Hollis Street, and constituting the Society worshipping in said Meeting House, do recognize the Church by which the foregoing resolve was passed as the Church legally connected with this Society and the congregation worshipping in said Meeting House in Hollis Street, and so, far as this Society hath authority and power in the premises, the said Church is declared to be the only Church connected with the said Society and the congregation worshipping in said Meeting House. And the said (persons named) having severally ceased to be members of this Society, the said action of the Church is hereby, as far as in us lies, ratified and confirmed:

Voted: That it is the opinion and judgment of this Corporation, that no person or individual, claiming to be a member of the Church of this Parish or Religious Society, has any right to vote and act in said Church upon any question touching or affecting the property and funds belonging to this Corporation, whether the same be holden by the deacons of said Church in *trust* for this Corporation, or however otherwise the same may be holden, unless the same person or individual be *at the same time* a member of this Corporation and Religious Society and having a right to vote and act as such in parochial and corporate matters.

Voted, That no person or individual now is or ever has been, under our present charter and by-laws, considered and recognised as a member of this Corporation, and permitted to vote and act as such in parochial and corporate matters, unless the same person or individual be, or was at the time of voting and acting, the *legal proprietor of a pew* in the Meeting House belonging to said Corporation."

It will now be apparent that there is nothing in the action of Church or Society which touches the question of excommunication. No one of the individuals mentioned would be debarred from the Table of the Lord. The legal and ecclesiastical relations of church members are not necessarily identical. Females, and I suppose minors, are considered incompetent to act as church-members in matters of business. Are they therefore excommunicated? The law requires membership of the Society with which the church is connected, in order to the possession of a right to vote in matters of property as a church-member. The persons whose title to vote in this capacity was rejected were *not* members of the Society. The principle of law which I have stated has been sustained anew by the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth *during the past week*.

I do not wish to multiply words about this matter, but I could not well be shorter. When misrepresentation finds its way into pages so respectable as yours, there is special call to do what may be needful to obviate its influence.

Whatever may have been the motives which actuated the writer of the article in question, its manifest tendency is to continue and promote the odium which has been by every possible expedient, heaped upon a Society which is now struggling out of its difficulties and seeks to obey the injunction: "Study to be quiet, and *to do your own business*," and, *if it be possible*, as much as lieth in them, to *live peaceably* with all men.

D. F. JR.

Boston, May 18th, 1847.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORDS OF CHRIST FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"All that is here attempted," says the compiler, "is the separation of the words of Christ from any other words not essentially belonging to them, in order that the image they bring before our eyes, and the reflection they bring out from our hearts, might be undisturbed even by the incidents or the remarks which are joined to them in the Gospels." We are not quite sure that the plan here proposed is altogether a wise one, since the words of our Lord often grow so naturally out of present incidents or circumstances, that they borrow from them much of their force, and sometimes look quite naked without them. These circumstances and incidents, however, when important, are briefly stated in the margin, and in all cases references are made by chapter and verse to the places from which the passages are taken. We are glad to find a Manual of Religious instruction entirely made up of the teachings of Christ. We would have these sacred words, above all others, fixed in the memory and impressed upon the heart. We would have the children in our Sunday Schools learn to repeat them, and when they have recited them, we would have the conversation with their teachers be such as naturally grows out of them.

We have proposed that this book should be introduced into the Sunday School with which we are connected, provided that teachers can be found who have leisure and the disposition to do what it requires of them. For they must carefully study each lesson, making themselves acquainted with the meaning of the words, the circumstances under which they were spoken, and whatever else may help to enforce them upon the minds of the children. But we have no faith in any religious instruction which is not the result of thought and study on the part of the teacher.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, 156--157.

It always gives us pleasure to call attention to these agreeable selections from all the journals of the day.

NEANDER'S HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND CHURCH. Translated from the second and improved edition. By Joseph Torrey, Prof. of Mor. and Intel. Phil. in the University of Vermont. Vol. 1st.

A Translation of this work, made by Rev. Henry John Rose, of England, was published at Philadelphia as part of the Biblical Cabinet, in 1843. But the translation was exceedingly inaccurate and imperfect, while Prof. Torrey's Translation, as we are informed by one who has examined it with care and who is very intimate with the original, is remarkable for its fidelity and exactness. For this reason, if there were no other, it ought entirely to supersede the former translation. But it has another important advantage. In 1843 Dr. Neander published a second edition of his first volume, with alterations, both numerous and important, running through entire pages and paragraphs, and from this edition, the present Translation is made, and we cannot but regard it as a valuable accession to our Theological literature.

The second volume, corrected from a new edition recently published in Germany, is soon to follow.

SERMONS OF CONSOLATION. By F. W. P. Greenwood. Third Edition.

We are glad to see a third edition of these exceedingly beautiful discourses. No word of ours is needed to commend them. Their own pure and truthful spirit, their unadorned but winning simplicity, their calm but earnest piety, gently but firmly drawing us to the source of all consolation, will long continue to make the volume dear and precious to those who suffer.

DIARY OF THE REV. SOLOMON SPITTLE, pp. 52.

We hope this little book may do good. Its purpose, certainly a good one, is to war against the use of tobacco by ministers, a habit which does more to injure the nerves, and bring on premature disease, than all the over-studying among them, ten-fold; to say nothing of the moral influence of this sort of self-indulgence. The Diary before us is a coarse caricature—grossly exaggerating where the simple truth is bad enough. Perhaps it was thought that a clean broom was too nice for sweeping out so foul a place. We believe in the simple truth; and therefore cannot commend the book as we should otherwise be glad to.

BROOKLINE JUBILEE. A discourse delivered in Brookline, at the request of *its inhabitants*, on 15 March, 1847, the day which completed half a century from his ordination. By John Pierce, D. D., fifth minister of the First Congregational Church and Society in said town.

We have only to give the title of this pamphlet, to insure for it a welcome among our readers. It is full of facts relating to the olden time, and as a Memorial of a most interesting day and a most worthy man, will be read and treasured up among the things which should not be lost.

MAY-DAY ANNUAL. Voices from Prison. A selection of poetry from various Prisoners, written within the cell.

This small volume is composed, first, of poems by State prisoners, some of whom are now in prison, secondly, of poems by distinguished prisoners, is W. L. Garrison, Madame Guion, James Montgomery, Sir Walter Raleigh, Daniel De Foe, &c., and thirdly of poems by Royal prisoners. Under the first head are one or two interesting pieces, under the second are several beautiful poems; there are some curious lines by the royal poets. The volume is well worth the having, as showing what angels have been entertained in prison.

Volumes III and IV of Mr. Ware's Works, completing the set, are just published.

ANNIVERSARIES IN NEW YORK.

We have room to-day for a few notices only of some of the meetings held in New York city during the last week.

On Sunday evening, the Rev. Dr. Adams delivered a discourse in behalf of the Foreign Evangelical Society.—The Rev. Dr. Sprague preached for the American Society for meliorating the condition of the Jews.—The Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., preached for the cause of Home Missions, Reform Church, in the city of Brooklyn. A sermon also preached in the Broadway Tabernacle, in behalf of the New York Bible Society.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The Nineteenth Anniversary was celebrated on Monday evening May 10th, the President, Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, in the chair.

Rev. J. D. SPAULDING, one of the Secretaries, presented the abstract.

A little more than 20 years have elapsed since the American Seamen's Friend Society was formed. Its object to promote the social and moral improvement of seamen on every sea and along every shore, has been steadily in view. *At home*, it acts in concert with many local and auxiliary societies.

Abroad, the Society continues to prosecute its labors. In addition to the Chaplains previously in the field, the following have been commissioned by the Board;—Mr. James Morrill for Canton in China; Mr. Townsend E. Taylor for Lahaina, in the Sandwich Islands; and Rev. Samuel S. Templeton, for the Bay of Mobile.

The Receipts of the Society for the year ending the 1st inst. have been $17,615, and the Expenditures 17,908. This does not include the amount raised by auxiliaries and expended on local objects; nor considerable sums raised directly by the Secretaries, and left in the places where raised for similar purposes.

A review of the year is attended with the most painful, and with the most pleasing emotions.

Painful, for there has been sorrow on the sea.

"Woes were the winds let slip
With such a warrant to destroy?"

Pleasing, because high above the voice of death have been heard the songs of salvation.

COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The annual exhibition of the pupils of this charity was exceedingly interesting. The choir of the Tabernacle was entirely filled with the pupils, none of whom were over twelve years of age, and their performances showed a degree of proficiency, which reflected great credit upon the officers. The first of their exercises was a Bible lesson; this was followed by reading lessons, arithmetic, and other studies, with which there were mingled frequent exercises in singing, which was delightfully done. After this, HIRAM KETCHUM, Esq. made a brief address

The number of scholars, including seven day scholars, is 163. Of these 25 write on paper, 111 on slates; 88 cipher in the simple, and 7 in the compound rules of arithmetic; 31 are learning mental arithmetic; 51 study geography; 11 history; 22 definitions; 10 write compositions; 51 write from dictation; and 63 knit.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

This Society reports an enlargement of effort in every department. It has issued during the year forty eight new publications, in five languages, including the new translation of D'Aubigne's History, revised by the author—making the whole number 1,232, of which 212 are volumes. In foreign lands, 98 new publications have been sanctioned; making a total of 2,109, including 172 volumes. The *American Messenger* has had an average monthly circulation of 60,000 copies, and issues itself. The family Christian Almanac has had a circulation of 100,000.

The *circulation* has been greater, by nearly thirty millions of pages, than during the previous year, amounting to 515,975 volumes, 5,841,580 publications, or 133,575,624 pages. Total in 22 years—3,379,624 volumes, 89,693,713 publications, 1,823,272,025 pages.

The *gratuitous distribution* of publications, to the destitute, amount to 35,926,208; in value nearly $24,000.

The *Receipts* for 11 1-2 months, to April 1st, exceed those of any previous year by $6,214, amounting to $160,131; of which, for publications, $92,360; in donations $67,770. The sum of $20,742 is due for paper previous to September 18th.

Colportage. The Society has employed during the whole or a part of the year *two hundred and seven* colporteurs, including 44 students of theology, from 17 seminaries and colleges, and thirty-seven for the German, French, Irish, and Norwegian population, in 27 States, as follows: in Vermont, 1; Rhode Island 1; Connecticut, 5; New York 37; New Jersey, 7; Eastern Pennsylvania, 21; Western Pennsylvania, 14; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 3; Virginia, 16; North Carolina, 1; South Carolina, 1; Georgia, 6; Florida, 4; Alabama 13; Mississippi, 5; Louisiana, 5; Texas, 2; Arkansas, 1; Tennessee, 9; Kentucky, 10; Ohio, 23; Indiana, 11; Illinois, 12; Missouri, 11; Iowa 2; Wisconsin, 3; and Michigan, 6. Add 36 commissioned just previous to the close of the Society's year, and the total is 267. The whole number in commission at the close of the year was 176. The aggregate term of actual service has been 114 years.

The *number of families visited* during the year, in the Northern and Middle States, in round numbers is 108,000; in the Southern and South-western, 53,000; and in the Western, 54,000; total, 215,000, or more than a twentieth part of the population of the United States. Of the whole number more than 30,000 families were Romanists or other errorists; nearly one-sixth (32,123) were destitute of all religious books, and 14,665 had not the Scriptures, of whom 13,317 were supplied.

Foreign Distribution. Besides the large foreign grants of publications, grants in money have been made for foreign stations to the amount of $10,000, as follows: Toulouse, France, $300; Baptist Mission in France, $200; Belgium, $100; Basle, Dr. Marriot, $100; Hungary 100; Hamburg, American Baptist Mission, $600; Lower Saxony Tract Society, $200; Denmark, 200; Sweden, 100; St. Petersburgh, Russia, 700; Poland, for Temperance publications, 200; Greece, Rev. Dr King, 500; Armenian Missions in Turkey, 1,500: Ceylon, 500; Madras, 500; Northern India Missions, 1,500; Siam. Board of Commissioners, 400; China, Baptist Mission, 200; General Assembly's Mission, 500; Board of Commissioners, 800; Sandwich Islands 1,000—total, 10,000.

We are obliged to defer notices of other meetings which have been prepared.

TO THE CLERGY OF THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BRETHREN.—The period of our Anniversaries being near at hand, the Committee who were charged with the arrangements for the present year take this opportunity in the name of the Laymen of Boston, most cordially and affectionately to invite you with your ladies to be present at the Annual Collation to be served in the hall over the Maine Rail Road Depot, Haymarket Square, on Tuesday, May 25th, 1847, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

It is hoped that every clergyman who sympathizes with us, from all parts of our land, and all who may be in the country from abroad, will unite with us on the return of this pleasant occasion, affording to the Laymen of the city, the privilege of meeting our friends from every section in social intercourse and friendship.

Clergyman's tickets may be obtained at the store of Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington street.

We would tender the hospitality of our homes and firesides to all who will favor us with a visit during Anniversary week. The Secretary, to whom all communications on this subject may be addressed, will provide every one who desires it with a hearty welcome in the families of our brethren in the city. In bonds of Christian fellowship. For the Committee.

W. D. COOLIDGE, Secretary.

No. 32 Pearl Street.

THE COLLATION.

The Committee who are charged with the arrangements for the approaching Festival, would give notice, that an equal distribution of the tickets has been made to each Society, and may be obtained of the gentlemen named below.

It is desirable that an early application be made so that no disappointment or delays may occur in the necessary arrangements.

Rev. Mr. Lothrop's Society of Mt. Ebn'r. Dea.

Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society of Mr. Calvin W. Clark.

Rev. Mr. Huntington's Society of Mr. Joseph Estes.

Rev. Mr. Gray's Society of Mr. David Paige.

Rev. Mr. Peabody's Society of Mr. Wm. Thomas.

Rev. Mr. Barrett's Society of Mr. Lewis G. Pray.

Rev. Mr. Frothingham's Society of Mr. J. T. Hayward.

Rev. Mr. Waterston's Society of Mr. S. H. Barnes.

Rev. Mr. Thomas' and Lippett's Society of Mr. Francis Alger.

Rev. Mr. Gannett's Society of Mr. Samuel Guild.

Rev. Mr. Robbins' Society of Mr. F. W. Linton, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Young's Society of Mr J. G. Wetherell.

Rev. Mr. Clarke's Society of Mr. B. H. Greene.

Rev. Mr. Parkman's Society of Mr. Charles Arnold.

Rev. Mr. Fosdick's Society of Mr. G. F. Williams.

Rev. Mr. Fox's Society of Mr. C. G. Loring, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Livermore's Society East Boston, of W. W. Alcott. Or of the Secretary, Mr. Coolidge, 32 Pearl Street.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. We trust that the popularity of the preacher, as well as the important objects of the Society, which are the dissemination of a pure rational Christianity far and wide, will bring together a large congregation at the Federal street Church tomorrow evening, and result in adding a generous sum to the funds of the Treasury. The readers of the Register are already familiar with the operations of the Society, and need only the intimation we have given to secure their aid.

P.

*** The Silver Tea Service presented to the venerable Dr. Pierce, by his fellow townsmen on the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement in Brookline, may be seen during the ensuing week in the city at Jeffrey R. Brackett's, 69 Washington street.

*** We are glad to see announced in the London Inquirer, as in press, THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. Edited by his nephew, William Henry Channing. * The first volume to be out probably about the last of May.

THE COLLATION. The laymen of our denomination should not forget or neglect this interesting occasion. The Collation is provided by them as a token of their regard to the Clergy of their denomination. The Committee appointed at the close of the last festival will be faithful in the discharge of their duty in preparing suitably for for the reception of their friends;—but it must be remembered that the tickets are placed in the hands of those who represent each of the Societies, and of whom they should be obtained *seasonably* so that the Committee may not be delayed in any of their arrangements. It is understood that GEORGE S. HILLARD, Esq., is to preside on the occasion, and that it promises to be one of more than usual interest.

*** We would call the attention of our readers to the anniversary of the Boston Port Society, which will be held at Dr. Gannett's Church, on Monday evening next. It is the first time it has been held during election week; and we hope the numerous friends of the Society and of "Father Taylor" will find it out in season.

*** We would urge attention to the questions to be proposed at the Sunday School anniversary. An animated meeting is expected.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. The Anglo Saxon, a new ship belonging to Train's Line of Liverpool Packets, went ashore in a N. E. storm on Duck Island, near Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, on 8th inst., crew and passengers saved. The ship and most of the cargo will be lost.—*The Jamestown* arrived on Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M., in 24 days from Cork, having been absent exactly seven weeks on her errand of mercy. Her cargo was distributed throughout the county of Cork, embracing one-tenth of the population of Ireland. One man was lost overboard on the return passage.—Gen. Shields is recovering.

FOURTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—The Hibernia arrived Monday morning a little after twelve o'clock, having made her voyage in hardly more than twelve days.

In the Cotton market there had been a downward tendency since the sailing of the Cambria. In grain and flour, also, there had been some fluctuations, but prices had settled down at 40s for Western canal flour; 10s 6d to 11s 9d for American red wheat; white, 12s to 12s 3d per bushel.

The sugar market had also partaken of the general depression. The Funds had had a downward tendency.

Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, returned to London, on Saturday last, from Paris.

Some curiosity has been excited at Cork, by the arrival, at New Orleans, of a ship wholly manned by blacks.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, representative of the city of Boston, was present at her Majesty's levee.

The accounts from Ireland are more occupied with the progress of fever and disease than destitution. In every province, and almost every county, fever and dysentery continue to make frightful ravages among all classes.

An unusually large number of persons were preparing to embark for the United States with all possible haste, and some were offering large sums for their passage.

Many distinguished persons have been attacked with the typhus fever in Ireland, and several have died suddenly.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland lies dangerously ill, and there is slight hope of his recovery.

"The timely relief," says the Times, "which the Americans have sent to the starving Irish has been the universal theme of eulogy in Ireland, and of warm and generous sympathy in England. In the House of Commons, on the 29th ult., Mr. William Brown, member for South Lancashire, rose and said:

"As I see the Right Honorable the Secretary for Ireland in his place, probably he would allow me to ask him if he has any information of the American Government having taken the guns out of two of their ships of war that were preparing to go to Mexico with troops, and holding them at the disposal of a committee in the United States, who were, from voluntary contributions, raising large sums of money, and purchasing provisions, to send to Ireland to relieve our distressed fellow countrymen? and whether the 'Jamestown,' one of those vessels, had not arrived at Cork? and the 'Macedonian' expected at Sligo? If all this be so, such noble and praiseworthy acts should be generally known to the British people."

In reply, Mr. Labouchere read an extract from a letter of Hon. E. Everett, introducing Capt. Forbes. Every sentence of his remarks upon the subject was received with loud and continued cheering.

O'Connell's health is spoken of as sinking daily. Lord Cowley, late minister, from Great Britain to Paris, and brother of the Duke of Wellington, had died in Paris.

The foreign events of the fortnight are not striking. King William of Prussia has responded to the address of the Diet more liberally than was anticipated.

The Queen of Spain and her husband have appeared together in public, and the reconciliation is said to have given rise to great rejoicings.

In Portugal, the junta still keep the Queen's forces at bay. The insurgents are too powerful and too wealthy to be extinguished by force and means are being tried to buy off their hostility. The Queen of Portugal has made a formal application to her sister sovereign in Spain for assistance, and four thousand troops are to pass the frontier, to sustain falling legitimacy.

IRELAND. *Prospects of the Harvest.* The weather has of late undergone a favorable change. Vegetation is making rapid progress. The accounts of the wheat and oat crops are highly encouraging; and even in regard to potatoes very favorable accounts are received. The Newry Telegraph says—"The planting of potatoes is quite general in this part of the country, several of the more extensive farmers having large breadths of land laid down for that purpose. The early planted are exhibiting the most gratifying promise of a large and abundant crop, the young plants coming up strong and vigorous, as in the most favorable seasons." The accounts from other districts are similar. Whether for good or evil, there will be an extensive potato culture this year. Probably the amount sown will be about the fourth part of the crop of ordinary years.

Neglect of Flax Cultivation. Among the unfavorable features of the accounts from Ireland the prospect of a neglect of flax cultivation may be regarded as serious, inasmuch as the annual products of this branch of industry are usually estimated at £2,000,000.

FRANCE. The bill relative to the establishment of regular steam communication between Havre and New York, has received the King's assent, and is now the law of the land.

The Chamber of Deputies was occupied on Saturday and Monday with a discussion on numerous petitions for the total and immediate abolition of slavery in the colonies, which, in despite of the opposition of the Government, were ordered to be referred to the Ministers of the Colonies, and Justice. This decision is tantamount to a declaration of the Chamber in favor of the object of the petitions.

ITALY. A most diabolical plot to murder the Pope has been discovered. It was first found out by the French ambassador, and he revealed the names of the conspirators to the Pope. Their intention was to assassinate him whilst giving audience to one of them who was, by lot appointed to kill him. A Capuchin presented himself for an audience of the Pope. His Holiness requested his name; this he gave boldly, but before being admitted the Pope looked over the list of the conspirators, and found the same of the Capuchin there. He immediately called for and concealed six carbineers, who, on the Capuchin's entrance, seized him, and on searching him found he had a brace of loaded pistols and a poisoned dagger about his person. The Capuchin was conveyed to prison. Many arrests have taken place.

DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS. The late British Ambassador to Paris, Henry Wellesley Baron Cowley, died April 27th, in Paris. Lord Cowley was the fifth son of the second Baron Mornington, his eldest brothers being the late Marquis Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, the Duke of Wellington, and the Rev. Dr. Wellesley.

On the 26th ult., at Inverary Castle, the Duke of Argyle, aged 70. In Herts on the 23d ult., Sir Davidge Gould, vice Admiral of the United Kingdom, aged 90 years, seventy of which he had spent in the service of his country. On the 26th ult., Sir Charles Price, head of the firm of Price, Marryatt, & Co., aged 73. At the Cape of Good Hope, Lieut. Col. Sir Walter Scott, eldest son and last surviving child of the author of "Waverly." The baronetcy is now extinct. On the 20th ult., Mrs. Disraeli, aged 72, the wife of the celebrated author of "Curiosities of Literature."

THE MACEDONIAN. The N. Y. Commercial says that there has been received, within a few days considerable additional freight for this ship, making in all about 5000 barrels. She will probably sail in a few days. The cause of the dissatisfaction is not clearly stated. It is said that the relief Committee preferred to send their charities by merchant vessels, and that Capt. De Kay has assumed airs not in accordance with republican simplicity.

Rev. Mr. Hedge, of this city, preached a parting discourse to his congregation on Sunday, 9th inst., previous to his departure on his European journey. The discourse is spoken of as one of great merit. It contained an eloquent and manly defence of the freedom of the pulpit touching all matters which affect the well being and well doing of mankind.

The parting farewell was heart warm and affectionate, and thrilled deep in many hearts. He is expected to be absent about fourteen months. His society have contributed to him a generous sum for his journey, and will continue to him his salary during his absence. [Bangor Whig.

☞ REMOVAL. The Religious Society worshipping in Chapman Hall, (Rev J. Fisher) has removed to Melrose Hall, 339 Washington st., between West st. and the Melodeon. m22

☞ The Annual Meeting for business of the American and Foreign Sabbath Union will be held in the Old South Chapel, on Saturday the 22d inst, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

On Sabbath evening, the 23d inst, at half past 7 o'clock, a public meeting will be held in Park st. Church, and a discourse will be delivered by the Rev President Hopkins of Williams College, on the importance of the Sabbath to the purity and permanence of freer institutions.

JUSTIN EDWARDS, Sec'y
m22 Am. and For. Sab. Union.

☞ *TEMPERANCE MEETING, SUNDAY EVENING, AT TREMONT TEMPLE*—½ to 8 o'clock. Addresses by Rev R. W. Cushman, Rev Mr Curtis, Chaplain of State Prison, Rev Dr E. Beecher, H. B. Stanton, Esq. and other able advocates of humanity. The subject claims the particular attention of all interested in the religious, moral and orderly character of the city. A collection will be taken to pay expenses.

M. GRANT, Pres B. T. A. S.
F. R. Woodward, Sec'y. m22

☞ The first anniversary of the *SOCIETY FOR AIDING DISCHARGED CONVICTS* will be held at the Masonic Temple, on Sunday evening the 23d inst, at 7½ o'clock. The Annual Report will be made, and an Address will be delivered by Judge Edmonds of the city of New York. Per order. m22

☞ *UNITARIAN BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.* A discourse in behalf of the abovenamed Society will be delivered in Rev Dr Gannett's Church to-morrow, Sunday evening, May 23d, by Rev Henry W. Bellows, Pastor of the Church of the Divine Unity, New York; services to commence at 8 o'clock. A collection will be taken up to enable the Society to add to its means of usefulness.

S. G. SIMPKINS, Sec'y.
m22

☞ *NOTICE.* The annual meeting of the "Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society" will be holden in Boston on Monday next, May 24th, at the house of the Rev Dr Frothingham, No 34 Summer st, at 11 o'clock. FRANCIS PARKMAN, Sec'y.
my22

☞ *NOTICE.* The annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Theological Education, will be held on Monday next, May 24th, at half past nine o'clock in the morning, at the house of the subscriber, No 48 Summer street. ALEXANDER YOUNG, Sec'y.
my22

☞ *NOTICE.* The annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity, will be held on Monday next, May 24th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at No 48 Summer st.
m22 ALEXANDER YOUNG, Sec'y.

☞ The annual meeting of the *BIBLE SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS* will be held in the Central Church, Winter st., on Monday next, the 24th inst, at 4 o'clock, P. M., when the Annual Report will be read, and addresses made.

The meeting for business will be in the upper Vestry of the Church, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
m22 G. W. BLAGDEN, Rec. Sec;

☞ *AM. PEACE SOCIETY* will hold its Thirteenth Anniversary in the Winter street Church, at 7½ P. M., Monday, 24th. The Rev Dr Baird, well known by his travels in Europe, and his personal acquaintance with most of its reigning Monarchs, is expected to speak on the occasion; as also the Hon Richard Fletcher, and other gentlemen. A business meeting will be held at 4 P. M., in the vestry of the same church.
my22

☞ BOSTON PORT SOCIETY. The 18th Anniversary of the Boston Port Society will be celebrated at Rev Dr Channing's, on Monday evening, May 24th, when the Annual Report of the Board of Managers will be presented, and Addresses will be made by several gentlemen interested in the cause of Seamen.
my15 J. A. ANDREW, Sec'y.

☞ *CONFERENCE AND PRAYER MEETINGS.* The Committee appointed at the last anniversary Conference, to make arrangements for similar meetings the present year, would give notice to the clergy and laity connected with the Unitarian denomination, that there will be held three conference and prayer meetings during Anniversary Week. The first will be held at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior, on Tuesday morning, May 25th, to commence precisely at 7½ o'clock. Also on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, at Bulfinch street vestry, to commence precisely at the same hour.

ALBERT FEARING,
R. W. BAYLEY,
GEO. G. CHANNING.
my22

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. Celebration of the 22d Anniversary, on Tuesday evening, 25th inst.

The business meeting, at which the Act of Incorporation will be presented for acceptance, the Officers chosen, &c. will be in Rev Mr Waterston's Vestry, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

And the public meeting will be in Rev Dr Gannett's Church, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES BRIGGS, Gen. Sec.
my22

☞ The Anniversary meeting of the *TEMPERANCE UNION* will be held in the Winter street Church, Tuesday evening, the 25th inst. my22

☞ *MINISTERIAL (Berry street) CONFERENCE.* The Annual Meeting will be held in the Chapel of the Church of the Savior, Bedford street, on Wednesday, May 26th, at 8½ o'clock, A. M. Address by Rev Samuel Barrett.

It is particularly requested by the Committee, that members of the Conference intending to be present, will be punctual to the hour above named.

my22 F. D. HUNTINGTON, Scribe.

☞ *MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY.* Business meeting at the Society's Office, No. 26 Joy's Building, at 12 o'clock, at noon, on Wednesday.

Public meeting, Report and Address, at the Central Church, in Winter street, at 3 P. M., on Thursday.
my22

☞ The Convention of the *CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS* of Mass., will meet at the Court House, in Boston, Wednesday, May 26th, at 5 P. M.

The Annual Sermon will be preached by Rev Parsons Cooke, of Lynn, in the Brattle street Meeting House, on Thursday, the 27th, at 11 A. M.
my22 N. ADAMS, Scribe of Convention.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The annual public meeting of the Sunday School Society will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 26, at Rev. Dr. Gannett's Church in Federal street. Services to commence at 7 o'clock. There will be a report and addresses. The singing will be by a selected choir.

Clergymen, Parents, Sunday School Teachers, and all interested, are invited to attend.

N. B. The following questions will be presented to the meeting for general discussion; and each speaker is respectfully urged not to occupy more than 15 minutes.

Question 1st. Must the primary truths of Christianity be implanted in the young mind by instruction, before we can reach the affections and move the soul to the highest action?

2. How can the Scriptural idea of Christ be most clearly imparted to the pupil's mind?

3. How far should doctrinal and textual instruction be separated? And what is the value of text-books and story-books in Sunday School instruction?

4. Do general lessons, or addresses, by the Superintendant or by a stranger promote the highest advancement of a Sunday School?

5. What, on the part of teachers and pupils, should be the home preparation for the Sunday School?

6. Are there not peculiarities in the present religious state of the community, which call for extraordinary efforts on the part of Sunday School Teachers?

STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS, Pres't.
CHARLES BROOKS, Cor. Sec. tam my15

☞ *MASS. EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.* The Annual Meeting will be holden at the Berry street Vestry on Thursday, at 10½ A. M.

The Trustees will meet at the same place at 10.
my22 CHANDLER ROBBINS, Secretary.

☞ *NOTICE.* The Annual Meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America, will be holden in Boston, on Thursday next, May 27, in the Hall of the Life Insurance Company, No. 50 State street, at 3½ o'clock, P. M.

my22 FRANCIS PARKMAN, Secreta.y.

☞ *THURSDAY EVENING.* Religious services will be attended, as has been usual for several years past, on Thursday evening, in the Church in Federal street, (Rev Dr Gannett's.) A Sermon will be preached by the Rev Alonzo Hill, of Worcester; and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. Services will commence at 7½ o'clock.
my22

☞ BIBLE SOCIETY OF MIDDLESEX CO. The Annual Meeting of this Socieiy will be held in the Unitarian Meeting House in Concord, on Wednesday, the second day of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

AMOS BLANCHARD, Sec'y.
Lowell, May 15, 1847. tm

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 16th inst. by Rev E. Edmunds, Mr Henry Holton to Miss Lucina Terry, both of Boston; Mr Henry Farmer, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Meliken, of Surry, Me; 17th inst, Mr Alonzo Barry, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann McIntire, of West Thomaston, Me.

In Roxbury, by Rev Dr Putnam, Thomas P. Haviland, of this city, to Kate Robertson, of R.

In Easton, Mr Ozias Drake, of E, to Miss Sally Wilber, of Mansfield.

In Newport, Col Wm H. Henderson to Miss Mary G. Freeborn.

In Nantucket, Mr Asa B. Hutchinson, (of the Hutchinson Family) of Milford, NH, to Miss Elizabeth B. Chase, of N.

In Kennebunk Port, Me, Mr John Perkins, of Boston, to Miss Lydia P, daughter of the late Joseph Perkins, Esq, of K.

In New York, at the Church of the Messiah, by Rev Orville Dewey, Otis M. Oliver, MD, of New Bedford, to Miss Mary W. Tripp, of Fairhaven.

DEATHS.

In Chelsea, 19th inst, Mrs Betsey Pratt, wife of Thomas B. Pratt, 72.

In Cambridge, of consumption, after an illness of 18 weeks, Emma Cordelia, youngest child of Peter Mackintosh, Esq, 17.

In Roxbury, Mr Aaron Child, 77; Elizabeth L, daughter of Epes Sargent, Esq, 17.

In Northborough, 16th inst, Sarah Elizabeth, youngest child of Dr J. J. Johnson, and grand daughter of Rev J. Allen, 3 yrs.

In North Middleborough, Mrs Selina Alden, aged 75 yrs.

In Westford, Rev Caleb Blake, 85, a graduate of Harvard University in 1784, and a settled minister in Westford for 45 years.

In New Bedford, suddenly, Mrs Averick Parker, wife of the Hon John A. Parker, 75 yrs. Mrs Parker was the oldest child of Shadrach Standish, of Plympton, Mass. She lived nearly sixty years with her husband. Of thirteen children, six are still living, and of eighty four grand children sixty one are living.

In Bristol, RI, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr Melvin G. Dean, of Portland, 23.

In New Parish, Ohio, Dr Peleg Whitridge, 51; 29th ult, Dr John C. Whitridge, 53; 2d inst, Mr L. W. Whitridge, about 39. They were brothers, and all died of lung fever. The last named was a member of the Legislature of Ohio at its last session.

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Channing's Works, 6 vols, 12mo—2 88.
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Ware's Life, by his brother, 2 portraits—1 12.
Memoirs of Oberlin, new ed, 16mo, 2 plates—60.
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Palfrey's Lowell Lectures, 2 vols 8vo—2 75.
Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, by Hon John G. Palfrey, 2 vols 8vo—2 75.
Christian Disciple, 6 vols 8vo—3 00
Memoir and Discourses of Rev S. H. Stearns, 2 vols 12mo—1 20.
Mrs Dana's Letters to Relations and Friends, 12mo—50.
Lives of Eminent Unitarians, Eng. ed, 12mo—90.
The Unitarian, by Rev B. Whitman, 8 vo—75.
Offering of Sympathy, by Dr Parkman, 18mo—50.
Ware's Memoir of Worcester, portrait—50.
Peabody's Christian Doctrine, 12mo—50.
Martineau's Sermons, 12mo—67.
Burnap's Expository Lectures, 12mo—67.
Greenwood's Lives of the Apostles, 2d ed, plates—60.
Furness' and Brooks' Prayers, 12mo each—60.
Ware's Hints on Preaching, 18mo—15.
Ware's Formation of Christian Character, 12th ed,—30.
Ware's Life of the Savior, 5th ed, 18mo—40.
Dewey on Human Life, 12mo—60.
Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels, 8vo, 2 and 3—3 50.

The above, with a large assortment in every department of Literature, for sale at very low prices by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No 134 Washington, opposite School street. tf my22

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Tea Kettles; Tea Sets; Coffee, Tea, Sugar and Cream Pots; Cake Baskets; Castors; Waiters; Butter Dishes; Salt Cellars; Mustard Cups; Bottle Stands; Toast Racks; Table and Dessert Forks; Dessert Knives and Forks; Cheese, Fish and Butter Knives; Ladles; Spoons; Lamps; Candlesticks; Snuffers and Trays; Nut Cracks; Nut Picks, &c.

LAMPS.
GAS FIXTURES, CHANDELIERS, CANDELABRA, GIRANDOLES, CANDLESTICKS, &c.
Chandeliers for Gas and Oil, all sizes; Solar Lamps, all sizes and patterns, with plain and cut shades; Parlor Hanging, Reading, Pulpit, Brackett, Entry, Side and Hand Lamps; Hall and Entry Lanterns, with stained, cut, ground and plain Glass; Hanging, Table and Mantel Candelabra and Girandoles, from two to eight lights; also Candlesticks with or without cut glass drops; Gas Fixtures, all sizes and descriptions, for public buildings and private residences.
Lamp Glasses, cut and plain; Patent Candles and Lamp Wicks.
BRONZED Garden Chairs and Settees; Tables, Umbrella Stands, etc.

COMMUNION WARE.
Silver, Silver Plated and Britannia.

BRITANNIA WARE,
of best Sheffield and American manufacture.
Best Plated GERMAN SILVER Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Fish Knives, &c.
SUPERIOR ENGLISH PLANISHED TIN
Dish and Plate Covers; Hot Water and Bleze Dishes; Tea Kettles; Coffee Filterers; Coffee and Tea Pots; Egg Boilers, etc.

JAPANNED
Tea Trays and Waiters, various styles, in sets and single, of all sizes, with Bread and Cheese Trays to match.

TABLE CUTLERY,
OF WARRANTED QUALITY.
Fine ivory handled sets of 51 and 53 pieces; do 29 pieces for Silver Forks; do Table and Dessert Knives, with and without Forks; do Carvers and Steels; Nut Picks, etc.—Horn handled sets; also Knives and Forks as above.

PARLOR CLOCKS,
in every variety; also, Timepieces, all warranted for correct time.
SUPERIOR CUT GLASS
TABLE WARE,
Rich and varied patterns; Preserve and Jelly Dishes; Bowls, Decanters, Goblets, etc.
Fine French and Dresden China Dinner and Tea Sets.
Also, a complete and general assortment of
RICH FANCY GOODS,
Comprising Papier Mache and Japanned articles, of many descriptions and most elegant finish; Bohemian Glass, richly cut, colored and engraved; Gold Pencil Cases, all sizes; Gold Pens and Thimbles; Card Cases; Flower and Card Vases; Card and Letter Racks; Inkstands; Hand Screens; Watch Stands; Thermometers; Taper Stands; Paper Weights; Tea Bells, &c.
Porcelain Transparencies; Light Screens, Lamp Shades, &c.

SILVER WARE,
of every description. PURE COIN made to order, in a superior manner, upon warranty, under the subscribers' immediate direction.
This STOCK being entirely new, is one of the largest and best selected in the city, and obtained from sources that enable the proprietors to offer their Goods upon the most reasonable terms. Visitors will find it for their interest to call, and are hereby invited to do so, even if they have no intention of becoming purchasers.

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

SONG OF A HAPPY HEART.

My heart is like the summer bird
That sings a song on high;
The music of my happy heart
Mounts upward to the sky.

The music of my happy heart,
O Father, it is thine;
And every gleam of sunny joy
Lights from thy love divine.

'Twas night; through shadowy dancing leaves
Streamed in a charmed light;
I slept, some Angel watched with me,
And Dream-land all was bright.

And now the gay, light-glorious morn
Rides where the moon-beams played,
A joyous bird rocks on the bough
That lent that mystic shade.

A charm is o'er the smiling earth,
A glory in the heaven,
Thanks, Father, thanks! that such a world,
With love and life is given! MARIA.

[For the Register.]

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY RUFUS HANSCOM.

I love to look upon the flowers
So beautifully made;
And think of those celestial bowers,
Where roses never fade.

I love to wander in the grove,
In sunny days of Spring;
And hear the tuneful birds,
In social concert sing.

I love to see young children meet,
In childhood's nappy days;
And hear them tune their voices sweet
To sing the Savior's praise.

I love to think there is a clime,
Of charity and peace
Beyond the chilling frosts of time;
Where friendship ne'er will cease.

I love to see mechanics rise,
By mental cultivation;
And bear their part among the wise
In the halls of legislation.

I love to see the farmer's boy,
Acquiring useful knowledge;
And show he has a soul as high,
As ever graced a college.

I love to think that wars will cease,
On this terrestrial ball;
And Freedom, Temperance, Virtue, Peace.
Will yet encircle all.

I love to think there is a Power,
Whose love knows no decay;
Who'll bring about the glorious hour,
And wipe all tears away.

I love to think when life declines,
Like twilight hues of even;
Your friend who wrote these humble lines,
May be at home in heaven.

And with the friends he used to love,
In friendship's social band,
May range the flowery fields above,
In that celestial land.

LIBERAL ACADEMY,
Gorham, May 1st, 1847.

[For the Register.]

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Why were ye made so beautiful, ye wildlings of the wood?
Man's eye but seldom pierces through your home's deep solitude;
He seldom plucks your tiny stems and marks your varied dyes,
And bears you to the busy crowd to win their careless eyes!

Why were ye made so beautiful, ye mosses soft and green,
That cling around the aged trees and on the rocks are seen?
Ye seem to ask no sun or rain, no soil whereon to grow;
Ye live through winter's cold nor fade beneath the chilling snow.

Why were ye made so beautiful, ye clouds that sweep the sky?
Why wear ye forms so various, so lovely to the eye?
Ye catch the golden sunset hues and sink away at even
To leave above us still and soft a blue unclouded heaven.

Why were ye made so beautiful, ye birds that come with Spring,
And through the chilling hours of morn and through the twilight sing?
Why should ye waken in our hearts such love and gentle care,
Such free outpourings of the fount of earnest, grateful prayer?

Kind Nature is all beautiful in every robe she wears!
'Tis only men who soil and dim the lovely tints of theirs.
They cast their bark on passion's stream, and yield it to the wave;
God pity them! for He alone hath power and will to save!

The beautiful is everywhere! oh, then believe that He
Rejoices in the fair and good which we with rapture see.
How know we but the heavenly host observe each wild-wood flower,
And listen to the lonely bird that sings in shaded bower!

Oh, not alone for us were made the beauty and the song
Which bind us to the pleasant earth with ties so sweet and strong.
Then let not our faint meed of praise be lost amid the swell
Of anthems floating round the throne where all perfections dwell! H. J. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOUCHING REPROOF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here Jane," said a father to his little girl, not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy."

At the same time he handed her a quarter of a dollar. The little girl took the money, and the bottle, and as she did so, looked her father in the face with an earnest sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it, for he understood its meaning. The little girl lingered, as if reluctant, for some reason, to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning brow, as he observed this.

Jane glided from the room and went to the shop, hiding as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron.—There she obtained the liquor, and returned with it in a few minutes. As she reached the bottle to her father, she looked at him again with the same earnest look, which he observed,—it annoyed and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way; ha!" he said, in a loud, angry tone.

Jane shrunk away, and passed into the next room, where her mother lay sick.—She had been sick for some time, and as they were poor, and her husband given to drink, she had sorrow and privation added to her bodily sufferings. As her little girl came in she went up to the side of her bed, and bending over it, leaned her head upon her hand. She did not make any remark, nor did her mother speak to her, until she observed the tears trickling through her fingers.

"What is the matter my dear?" she then asked tenderly.

The little girl raised her head endeavoring to dry up her tears as she did so.

"I feel so bad mother," she replied.

"And why do you feel bad my child?"

"Oh, I always feel so bad, when father sends me over to the shop for brandy. And I had to go just now. I wanted to ask him to buy you some grapes and oranges with the quarter of a dollar—they would taste so good to you—but he seemed to know what I was going to say, and looked at me so cross that I was afraid to speak. I wish he would not drink any more brandy. It makes him so cross; and then how many nice things he might buy for you with the money it takes for liquor."

The poor mother had no comfort to offer her little girl, older in thought than in years; for no comfort did she feel in view of the circumstances that troubled the child. She only said—laying her hand upon her head—

"Try and not think about it, my dear; it only troubles you, and your trouble cannot make it any better."

But Jane could not help thinking about it, try as hard as she would. She went to Sabbath School, in which a Temperance Society had been formed, and every Sabbath she heard the subject of intemperance discussed, and its dreadful consequences detailed. But more than all this, she had the daily experience of a drunkard's child. In this experience how much of heart-touching experience was enveloped! how much of privation—how much of the anguish of a bruised spirit. Who can know the weight that lies, like a heavy burden, upon the heart of a drunkard's child.—None but that child—for language is too powerless to convey it.

On the next morning the father of little Jane went away to his work, and she was left alone with her mother and her younger sister. They were very poor and could not afford to employ any one to do the house work, and as young as she was, while her mother was sick, little Jane had everything to do; the cooking and cleaning, and even the washing and ironing—a hard task for her little hands. But she never murmured—never seemed to think that she was overburdened. How cheerfully would all have been done, if her father's smiles had fallen like sunshine upon her heart! But that face into which her eyes had looked so often and so anxiously, was ever hid in clouds—clouds arising from the consciousness that he was abusing his family while seeking his own base gratification, and from perceiving the evidence of his evil works stamped on all things around him.

As Jane passed frequently through her mother's room during the morning, pausing almost every time to ask if she wanted anything, she saw too plainly, that she was not as well as on the day before—but she had a high fever, indicated to her by her hot skin and constant request for cool water.

"I wish I had an orange," the poor woman said, as Jane came up to her bed for the twentieth time. "It would taste so good to me."

She had been thinking about an orange all the morning; and notwithstanding her effort to drive the thought from her mind, the form of an orange would ever picture itself before her, and its grateful flavor even seem about to thrill upon her taste.—At last she uttered her wish—not so much with the hope of having it gratified, as from an involuntary impulse to speak out her desire.

There is not a cent in the house, for the father rarely trusted his wife with money—he could not confide in her judicious expenditure of it!

"Let me go and buy you an orange, mother," said Jane; "they have oranges at the shop."

"I have no change, my dear, and if I had, I should not think it right to spend four or five cents for an orange, when we have so little. Give me a cool drink of water, that will do now."

Jane brought the poor sufferer a glass of cool water, and she drank it off eagerly. Then she lay back upon her pillow with a sigh, and her little girl went out to attend to the household duties that devolved upon her. But all the while Jane thought of the orange, and of how she should get it for her mother.

When her father came home to dinner, he looked crosser than he did in the morning. He sat down to the table and eat his dinner in moody silence, and then rose up to depart, without so much as asking after his sick wife, or going into her chamber. As he moved towards the door, his hat already on his head, Jane went up to him, and looking timidly in his face said with a hesitating voice—

"Mother wants an orange so bad.—Won't you give me some money to buy her one?"

"No, I will not! Your mother had better be thinking about something else than money for oranges!" was the angry reply, as the father passed out, and shut the door hard after him.

Jane stood for a moment, frightened at the angry vehemence of her father, and then burst into tears. She said nothing to her mother of what had passed, but after the agitation of her mind had somewhat subsided, began to cast about in her thoughts for some plan by which she might obtain an orange. At last it occurred to her, that at the shop where she bought liquor for her father, they bought rags and old iron.

"How much do you give a pound for rags?" she asked in a minute or two after the idea had occurred to her, standing at the counter of the shop.

"Three cents a pound," was the reply.

"How much for old iron?"

"A cent a pound."

"What's the price of them oranges?"

"Four cents a piece."

With this information Jane hurried back. After she had cleared away the dinner table, she went into the cellar, and looked up all the old bits of iron that she could find. Then she searched the yard, and found some eight or ten rusty nails, an old bolt, and a broken hinge. These she laid away in a little nook in the cellar. Afterwards she gathered together all the old rags that she could find about the house, and in the cellar, and laid them with her old iron. But she saw plainly enough that her iron would not weigh over two pounds, nor her rags over a quarter of a pound. If time would have permitted, she would have gone into the street to look for old iron; but this she could not do; and disappointed at not being able to get the orange for her mother, she went about her work during the afternoon with sad and desponding thoughts and feelings.

It was summer time, and her father came home from his work before it was dark.

"Go and get me a pint of brandy," he said to Jane, in a tone that sounded harsh and angry to the child, handing her at the same time a quarter of a dollar. Since the day before he had got a pint of brandry, and none but the best would suit him.

She took the money and the bottle, and went over to the shop. Wishfully she looked at the tempting oranges in the window, and she gave the money for the liquor, and thought how glad her poor mother would be to have one.

As she was hurrying back, she saw a thick rusty iron ring in the street; she picked it up and kept on her way. It felt heavy and her heart bounded with the thought that now she could buy the orange for her mother. The piece of old iron was dropped in the yard as she passed through. After her father had taken a dram, he sat down to his supper. While he was eating it, Jane went into the cellar and brought out into the yard all her little treasures of scrap iron. As she passed backwards and forwards before the door facing which her father sat, he observed her, and felt a sudden curiosity to know what she was doing. He went softly to the window, and as he did so, he saw her gathering the iron, which she had placed in a pile into her apron. Then she rose up quickly, and passed out of the yard into the street. The father went back to his supper, but his appetite was gone. There was that in the act of his child, simple as it was, that moved his feelings in spite of himself. All at once he thought of the orange she had asked for her mother; and he felt a conviction that it was to buy an orange that Jane was now going to sell the iron she had evidently been collecting since dinner time.

"How selfish and wicked I am!" he said to himself almost involuntarily.

In a few minutes Jane returned, and with her hand under her apron, passed through the room where he sat into her mother's chamber. An impulse, almost irresistible, caused him to follow her in a few moments after.

"It is so grateful!" he heard his wife say as he opened the door.

On entering her chamber, he found her sitting up in bed eating the orange, while little Jane stood by her, looking into her face with an air of subdued, yet heartfelt gratification. All this he saw at a glance, yet did not seem to see; for he pretended to be in search of something which, apparently obtained, he left the room and the house, with feelings of acute pain and self-upbraidings.

"Come, let us go and see these cold water men," said a companion whom he met a few steps from his own door. "They are carrying all the world before them."

"Very well, come along."

And the two men bent their steps toward Temperance Hall.

When little Jane's father turned from the door of that place, his name was signed to the pledge, and his heart fixed to abide by it. On his way home, he saw some grapes in a window. He bought some of them, and a couple of oranges and lemons. When he came home, he went to his wife's chamber, and opening the paper that contained the first fruits of his sincere repentance, laid them before her and said with tenderness, while the moisture dimmed his eyes—"I thought these would taste good to you, Mary, and so I bought them."

"Oh William!" and the poor wife started, and looked up into her husband's face with an expression of surprise and trembling hope.

"Mary," and he took her hand tenderly, "I have signed the pledge to-night, and I will keep it, by the help of heaven."

The sick wife raised herself up quickly, and bent over towards her husband, eagerly extending her hands. Then as he drew his arm around her, she let her head fall upon his bosom with an emotion of delight, such as had not moved over the surface of the stricken heart for years.

The pledge was the total abstinence pledge, and it has never been violated by him, and what is better, we are confident never will be. How much of human hope and happiness is involved in that simple pledge!

A PLEASING INCIDENT IN A SCHOOL.

A very pleasing incident occurred in one of our public schools a day or two since. It seems that one of the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows; but no clue of the offender could be obtained as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance and wished him to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them every where—even when alone and when they thought no eye to see and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy arose in his seat and said—

"Miss L——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. ——— window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for ——— to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat, "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play. I'll pay my part!"

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

[Bangor Whig.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Commence early with your instruction. A mother is capable of teaching her child obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety, while it is almost an infant; and it is delightful to think that the first instructions can thus be communicated by so tender and natural a teacher. Remember that it is by combining affectionate tenderness with firmness in refusing what is improper, that you secure your children's happiness; and if they are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task will be comparatively easy.

Education must, however, be always regarded but as the means to an end; for all acquirements are useless, unless they make us better in our relations as parents, children, husbands, wives, and unless they lead us to the practice of that divine precept of our religion: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Let us suppose, then, that you have secured the benefits of a good education for your children—that they have attended an infant and afterward an adult school—that they have been advanced in the different branches of instruction, as far as is necessary for the pursuits in life to which they are destined—still, are you not called upon, as parents, to take care of their moral training? Is there no danger, even after the best precepts have been imparted, that your children may risk being corrupted by your own example!

If you suppose that your vices can be hidden from your children, you are greatly mistaken; for the quickness of perception of children enables them immediately to see through such deception.

If, with the words "Thou shalt not steal," in your mouth, you nevertheless overreach, or make use of anything not your own, or take undue advantage of others, you are practically teaching your children to be dishonest. Can you expect them to have a horror of drunkenness, if they ever see you drunk, or if tippling is talked of by you as an object of gratification? If you encourage your child by promises to confess a fault, and afterward punish him for it, do you not practically discourage his telling the truth? Or, if you hold that nothing is to be told that can injure your own interest, and say, "Remember not to tell," or, "You must not say so and so," can you expect that your child will not lie whenever it suits its own purpose? If you are passionate and intemperate in your language, overbearing or insolent, will not your children be infected by your example? And are you not crushing in the bud the truly Christian qualities of gentleness, forbearance and charity!

[Morning Star.

ANECDOTE OF THE NEW POPE. [From Fanny Kemble Butler's new work entitled "A Year of Consolation."] His Holiness, it seems, has a box at the post-office, of which he himself keeps the key; and whereas, no letter whatever was ever allowed to reach the late Gregory the Sixteenth, it is an understood thing that this box, with every thing put into it, is delivered immediately into the Pope's hands. A certain sum of money having been charitably appropriated, I do not precisely remember by whom now, in dower-money, for a certain number of poor young Roman girls in one of the parishes in Rome, one among the number, a poor deformed girl, was defrauded by the priest in whose hands the money was lodged, and who retained hers. The girl ventured herself to address a letter to the Pope, stating how her portion had been withheld from her. Without loss of time the defaulter was summoned and condemed by the Pope to pay the poor crippled girl fifty scudi out of his own pocket, besides the twenty-five which were the portion due to her. Some evenings after this, in his usual incognito dress of an Abbate, he knocked at the door of an asylum for poor children, the management of which was not supposed to be altogether conscientiously conducted. The porter refused to open the door, alleging that the children were at supper, and just going to bed, and that nobody could be let in. At last, the magical "Aprite che sono il Papa," threw the door wide, and the porter, in an ecstasy of fright, was running to rouse the whole establishment with the news, which, however, His Holiness forbade; and merely desiring the dismayed superior to conduct him to the children's eating-room, he proceeded to taste the bread and wine set before them for their supper. He then turned to the superior, and said; "To-morrow, sir, let the bread and wine put before these children be such as it ought to be: and remember that I have my eye upon you;" with which salutary warning he departed. There is something rather Haroun Alraschid in these nocturnal expeditions of His Holiness. On fixed days in the week, for a certain number of hours, he receives indiscriminately all persons who wish to see and speak with him. They are admitted without any distinction, one by one, according to their number; and the Pope, permitting them to seat themselves, hears their grievances, receives their petitions, and warning them that any attempt to impose upon him, or in any way alter the truth, will be detected and punished, takes their name and address, and has their business inquired into and put to rights.

IF I WERE A RICH MAN.

"If I were a rich man!" said Mr. Harris.

"And suppose you were, neighbor—what then?" said Mr. Brown, who overheard the exclamation.

"Why I'd give to the poor and reap the pleasure of charity."

"You would, would you?"

"Yes sir, most certainly."

"And wouldn't wish to keep a trifle for this purpose or for that, and ride in your carriage, when you might as well go afoot?"

"No sir—not I, Mr. Brown."

"And would prove yourself an honorable exception among rich men—would you?"

"I should try, I think."

"But what makes you think you would be so much better than the rich in general?"

"Oh, I can't say, exactly; I suppose it is because I so frequently experience the inconveniences of poverty."

"You poor! Mr. Harris. Why, I always considered you a wealthy man."

"*Me* wealthy! Why sir, I couldn't muster five hundred dollars, if I should sell everything I possess. Rich! by George! I'd like to own my dinner before I eat it; I am sure I should grow fat at the bare thought."

"But Mr. Harris, what would you really do if you were as rich as Jacob Astor?"

"Well I don't know exactly what I would do with so much money as he has but one thing is certain, I'd give all the poor in my neighborhood one good dinner."

"Is that all?"

"Oh no; I would repeat the dose so often that the leanest should cry enough!"

"Well, Mr. Harris, I have heard a great many people talk in just this manner; but when Providence had blest them, they had almost invariably forgotten their good resolutions."

"Some may have done so; but just give me a chance, and I'll show you the difference."

"Ah! I fear, neighbor,"—said Mr. Brown as he walked away—"but few are able to withstand temptation."

"And I am willing to be tempted; the sooner the better," said Mr. Harris and he passed on.

But one year from the date of the above conversation, Mr. Harris was what the world calls—a rich man. An uncle had died in the Indies—(or somewhere else)—at just the lucky moment, leaving him sole heir to a fortune. Mr. Harris's first intelligence was a draft for fifty thousand dollars, payable at sight. The poor man could hardly contain himself for joy; a thousand brilliant visions danced through his brain. His wife should not labor; his children should be finely dressed, and delicately fed—and—his neighbors should have—yes, he would give—something to his neighbors.

The news of his good fortune spread like wild-fire. Friends gathered round to congratulate.—One and another volunteered this service and that—offers they would never have made but for the ringing of that same fifty thousand dollars.

Mr Harris moved from his humble cottage, to a splendid house in town. Mrs. Harris no longer performed the drudgery of her family.—Jane and Ellen left off knitting mittens for their brothers, and Henry and Edward split no more wood for the kitchen fire.

With wealth came wants unnumbered. Labor once performed from necessity, was renounced entirely, and with it the pleasure that labor brings.

Mr. Harris soon found himself unable to walk. Horses must do the drudgery his limbs had hitherto been able to perform, while pampered appetite rejected wholesome food, which not long ago crowned his table.

Mr. Brown, who had anticipated such revolutions, should his neighbor's wish be granted, looked on in silence. True, the good man breathed a sigh now and then, for the fickleness of his fellows, but he chose that time and opportunity should convince Mr. Harris that after all his boasting, he was only human. The wholesome resolves "to do something for his neighbors" were undoubtedly forgotten in the multiplicity of cares which now encompassed our rich friend, unless we reckon the feastings he gave those who were able to feast in return, as worthy of the title.

Not that Mr. Harris possessed less kindly impulses than in former times. No so. He was ever a neighborly man, and ready to assist others according to his ability. Once his expenses were few because his income was limited; now his new position furnished a necessity for larger expenditures, and he really had nothing left to give. At least so he convinced himself and endeavored to convince others. Nor is this an exception to the general manifestation of suddenly acquired wealth.

If man is omnivorous in any passion, it must be love of gold, not for his own sake alone, so much as for the gratification it ensures. Wealth can purchase honor, fame, luxury, might and right;—every thing but—and many a poor rich man groans as he nears the "but"—happiness.

That, thank God! is the poor man's birthright, if he will but lawfully claim the boon.—Honor may come at the beck of a silver wand.—Fame may weave her laurels to bind the brow already decked with purchased brilliants, and luxury may pamper until manliness is lost; but peace, contentment, without which gold is vain, is won, "without money and without price."

In the process of time Mr. Harris fell ill. Mr. B., who had never lost sight of his old friend, now renewed his former friendly intercourse. Dim recollections of a conversation once held with this same Mr. Brown, haunted the sick man's mind. He was willing to be tempted; his wish had been granted, and like many others, proved himself a frail man. During a protracted illness, recollections of neglected opportunities, and wasteful extravagance troubled him. Resolutions for the future were frequently avowed, but through the arrangements of Providence, nipped in the bud.

The man who but a few years ago found his heart so deeply touched with sympathy for his fellows, had not fulfilled his better promptings when means were in his power, and sought therefore to atone for past neglect, by bestowing in one generous bequest that which he could no longer retain, purchasing at once a name in the world for charity, and a right to be remembered at the portals of heaven. Mayhap the knowledge of his ultimate benefactions preceded his own appearance there, but unbelief questions the efficacy of such claims for admission.

Were this an overdraw, or solitary case, charity would prompt us to drop the veil, and bid him God speed in his journey to the skies. But many a man with means at his command to alleviate much of human suffering, pleads inability, with the piteous addenda, "if I were only rich."

"If I were only rich." What then? The good performed in this world is not estimated by dollars and cents, by Him who seeth the heart. There was once a poor widow, more commended for the bestowal of two mites, than her wealthy compeers for their large bequests.—"Do good as ye have opportunity." [Troy Budget.

ON SOWING FLOWER SEEDS.

As this is the season for sowing flowers, we would again remind our readers, the *ladies* especially, that they must expect small and delicate kinds of flower seeds to fail, unless they take more pains than usual in sowing them. In this climate where the hot sun soon dries the earth to a greater depth than it will do to cover the seeds, of course some kind of shade or covering must be resorted to, or failure is certain.—If we observe the manner in which Nature provides for the vegetation of fine seeds, we find that the seeds are scattered upon the fine vegetable mould of the fields or woods, amongst half decomposed leaves or moss, and where trees or fences afford shade and shelter from winds.—The covering of earth must be very slight, and while air must not be excluded, constant moisture must be secured. How then can we best imitate Nature in securing the growth of such seeds? We answer, first, let the soil be rich and fine, of a nature that will not bake so as to become hard when dry; second, cover the seeds lightly with the earth; third, if dry weather, keep the ground moist by frequent watering; and fourth, *shade the delicate kinds from the sun*, and shelter them from the winds; this can be done in various ways, as by placing a shingle or small piece of thin board on the south side, or over the spot where the seeds are sown; or an inverted flower pot, with a small stone under the edge; a small box, or frame with milinet or thin cloth over the top, &c.; or even a small handful of fine brush from the woods, laid over the seeds, and fastened from blowing away, will be of much benefit. Some kinds of seeds, especially those of large size, as the Balsamine, Morning Glory, Marigold, Sweet Pea, &c., will vegetate freely in any common soil, without any particular care. The seeds of the *Cypress vine* will not often come up without being first scalded with boiling hot water. The *Globe Amaranthus*, also, requires scalding, but the water should not be quite boiling. [Ohio Cultivator.

There is time enough lost and wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure which if properly appropriated, would place them in a high state of cultivation. Time can be found to ride and dance, and sing—time can be found to lounge and talk nonsense, but alas! how many think "they can't spare time" to attend to the noblest and best part of their nature; that which alone elevates and causes them to feel the divinity within."

DRY GOODS
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For the present and coming season, and having taken unusual pains to have our stock as complete as possible, we feel confident that we can offer as handsome an assortment of goods in our line, and at as low prices, as can be found in any other large establishment in this city; consisting of
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GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—NEWLY STEREOTYPED EDITION. The subscribers have recently procured new stereotype plates of this popular collection of Sacred Poetry, now used of nearly all the Societies of the denomination, and have just published the 44th Edition, to which an addition of over One Hundred Hymns has been made.
They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.
Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.
The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.
It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr Fosdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Church of the Saviour, (Rev Mr Waterston;) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) College Chapel, and also Divinity Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Jaffrey, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Alton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.
We respectfully request Clergymen or Church Committees proposing a change in their Hymn Books, or forming new Societies, to forward us their addresses, when copies shall be sent them for examination.
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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

WRENTHAM ACADEMY. The Summer Term will commence on Tuesday, the 8th of June, and continue eleven weeks, followed by a vacation of two weeks. This Institution is designed to fit young men for college, and to qualify the student for any department in life he may be called to fill.
The Subscribers will take into their families the coming term, a limited number of young lads or young men, who will receive every attention, which will render their situation agreeable and profitable.
The Academy is pleasantly located in the centre of the town of Wrentham, nearly equidistant between Boston and Providence, to and from either of which places is a daily communication.
The society and location are such as to highly recommend it both to the student and parent.
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HOMŒPATHIC BOOKS AND MEDICINES.—OTIS CLAPP, No. 12 School street (up stairs,) Boston, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, wholesale and retail, an assortment of Homœpathic Books and Medicine Chests, cases and single remedies; among the Books are Jahr's New Manual of Homœpathic Practice, edited with Annotations, by A. G. Hull, M. D. New York, 2 vols; Jahr's Pharmacopia and Posology, 1 vol. Hahneman's Materia Medica, 4 vols; Hahneman's Chronic Disease, 5 vols; Raoff's Repertory of Homœpathic Medicines, 1 vol; Jeane's Practice of Medicine, do; Hartman's Remedies, 2 vols; Boenninghausen's Essay on Intermittent Fevers; Boenninghausen's Therapeutic Pocket Book; Herring's Domestic Physician; Hempel's do do; Laurie's Domestic Homœpathy, enlarged by A. G. Hull, M. D.; Epp's Domespathy, enlarged by A. G. Hull, M. D.; Epp's Domestic Homœpathy. Also for sale, Tinctures, Triterations, Dilutions, Labels, Diet Papers, Sugar of Milk, Globules, Vials, Corks, &c.

NEW PAMPHLETS. The Brookline Jubilee, a Discourse by John Pierce, LL.D., on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.
The Account Rendered, a Sermon by Rev J. H. Allen, on leaving his Parish.
True Patriotism, a Sermon by Rev E. H. Chapin.
God and our Country, a Sermon by Rev George Putnam.
The Condition of Labor, an Address to the members of the Labor Reform League.
A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev Zephaniah Willis, by Rev A. R. Pope.
A Sermon of the Dangerous Claims of Society, by Rev Theodore Parker, etc. etc.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No. 134 Washington, opposite School st. my8

CHRISTIAN HYMNS; FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP. Compiled by a Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association. Ninth Edition.
The publishers respectfully ask attention to this new Collection of Hymns for the Societies of the Unitarian denomination. The highest commendations have been bestowed upon it by those by whom it has been examined, and who are qualified to judge of its value.
As an evidence of the estimation in which the 'Christian Hymns' is held, we are permitted to give the following:
[Extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Cambridge.]
'I have looked through the book with great satisfaction; and I feel that our community are under much obligation to 'the Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association' for the very valuable contribution to the piety and interest of public worship. I find in your collection many hymns that are new to me, and—what I should hardly have expected—are likewise among the best that I have ever seen. The selection is made with great good taste, and with a judgment that happily provides some fitting strain of sacred poetry for every occasion and subject. The number of hymns is large, but I think none too large; and it is surprising how few poor ones there are among so many.'
The following Societies have introduced the 'Christian Hymns' into